



ST. NICHOLAS
BOOK OF PLAYS
& OPERETTAS

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· & OPERETTAS ·



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PUBLISHER'S NOTE

The plays and operettas here assembled were published originally in "St. Nicholas," some of them a quarter of a century ago. "The Ballad of Mary Jane" and certain others have been called for again and again, and five or six have been reprinted in pamphlet form. Their popularity has suggested the making of the present volume, which contains all of the pieces that have been in most demand.

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ST. NICHOLAS BOOK OF
PLAYS AND OPERETTAS

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THE MODERN AND MEDIEVAL BALLAD OF MARY JANE

BY HENRY BALDWIN

This is a shadow-play, which can be performed in any parlor. A sheet is hung between the audience and the performers, who, by the proper arrangement of light (which can best be attained by experiment), throw their shadows on the sheet. Somebody hidden from the audience reads the ballad aloud.

I

It was a maiden beauteous—

Her name was Mary Jane;

To teach the district school she walked

Each morning down the lane.

[She passes and repasses behind the curtain.

Well skilled was she in needlework,

Egyptian she could speak,

Could manufacture griddle-cakes,

And jest in ancient Greek.

It was the stalwart Benjamin,
Who hoed his father's corn ;
He saw the lovely maiden pass,
At breaking of the morn.

[He enters at left.

Deep sighed that bold, admiring swain ;
The maid vouchsafed no look—
She munched a sprig of meetin'-seed,
And read her spelling-book.

[She enters at right, and halts.



THE STALWART BENJAMIN.

A low obeisance made he then ;
Right bravely did he speak :
"There is no rose so fair," he said,
"As that upon thy cheek !

"And many a brooch and silken gown
Will I bestow on thee,
If thou wilt leave thy father's house
And come and marry me."

Then prondly spake that lovely maid :
 "Thy corn-patch thou may'st till !
I haste to teach the infant mind,
 On yonder lofty hill.



THE BEAUTEOUS MARY JANE.

"Though never golden brooch have I,
 Though silken gown I lack,
I will not wed an husbandman,
 So take thine offer back !"



"HE TORE IN SHREDS HIS RAVEN LOCKS."

Oh, fiercely blow the icy blasts
When winter days begin !
But fiercer was the rage that filled
The heart of Benjamin !

He tore in shreds his raven locks,
And vowed he 'd love no more.
"Smile on," he cried, "thou haughty maid ;
Thou shalt repent thee sore !"

The lady turned ; she did not speak ;
Her tear-drops fell like rain ;
[Tears represented by small pieces of paper.
Those plaintive words at last did pierce
The heart of Mary Jane !

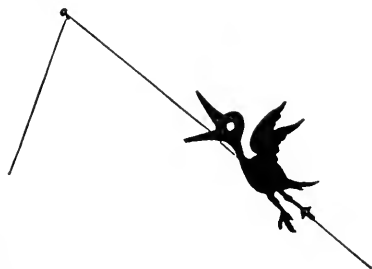
II

Oh, blithely sang the soaring lark ;
The morning smiled again ;
Up rose the sun, with golden beams,
And up rose Mary Jane.

[The lark should be made of pasteboard, and a string, passed through his body, should be stretched diagonally across the sheet. By another string fastened to his head, and running over the upper nail, he may be made to soar. The sun should rise by a string passed over a nail in the center, and at the top of the framework on which the sheet is stretched. The lark should be about as large as the sun.



THE SUN.



THE SOARING LARK.

She gat her to her daily task,
As on the former morn ;
Alack ! she spied not Benjamin
A-hoeing of the corn.

[Enter Mary Jane.

No longer, as she trips along,
Her merry songs she sings ;
The tear-drops dim her pretty eyes,
Her lily hands she wrings.

“ And art thou gone, sweet Benjamin ?
Ah ! whither hast thou fled ?
My spelling-book has charms no more ;
I would that I were dead ! ”

But soon her bitter moan she ceased ;
She viewed her doughty knight,
Delayed not many leagues from thence,
And in most grievous plight.

For as he to his husbandry
That day would fain have passed,
A monster cow his path beset,
And sorely him harassed.



THE COW HARASSES BENJAMIN.

Upon the summit of a wall
He sits, and dares not flee;
The awful beast its sprangling horns
Doth brandish frightfully.

[The cow, made of pasteboard, should be fastened to a broom-handle, and poked in from one side. The smaller the cow the better.

“Oh, Mary Jane!” he cried, “if you
But love me, do not stay
To weep, but lend a friendly hand,
And drive the cow away!”

Her apron then she quickly takes,
And wipes her streaming eyes;
Not quicker melts the morning dew
Than to her love she flies.

The monster turns at her approach,
It shakes its ample tail;
Take heart, O Benjamin! thy love
Will neither quake nor quail.



MARY JANE WAVES HER PARASOL.

Her parasol that venturous maid
Exalted o'er her head,
Thrice waved it in the air, and lo!
Straightway the monster fled.

Then tarried not that joyous pair
Fond vows of love to make,
But to the house of Mary Jane
Themselves they did betake.

[As the cow runs away, Benjamin gets down
and approaches Mary Jane till almost close
to her. Then, if both lean forward, the



RESCUED!

above affecting tableau is produced. They then take hands, and the lamp is moved slowly to one side and obscured; this gives them the appearance of walking, and allows the father to enter; after which the lamp is moved back, and the lovers reënter.

And out spake grateful Benjamin:

“Forsooth, I had been dead,
Had Mary Jane not saved my life
And her I fain would wed.”

Up spake her aged sire then;

Full wrathfully spake he:
“How darest thou, thou popinjay,
To ask such thing of me?”

“For wert thou but a millionaire,
Then would I not demur;
Now thou art but an husbandman,
And she—a school-teacher!”

Oh, sorely, sorely, did they grieve!
The cruel parient's heart
Inflexible as stone remained,
And they were torn apart.

[He motions them apart.]



THE AGED SIRE IS WRATHFUL.

III

And now has come Lord Mortimer,
A-suing for her hand;
A richer nobleman than he
Is not in all the land.

Upon his lordly knees he sank,
On bended knee he fell;
"And wilt thou not, fair Mary Jane,
Within my castle dwell?"

“Thou walkest now with weary feet,
But thou shalt ride in state ;
And dine and sup, like any queen,
Off my ancestral plate.”



LORD MORTIMER.

Right scornfully that angry maid
Her dainty nose upturned !
She waved her lily hand, and thus
His tempting offer spurned :



“GET HENCE! AVAUNT! I SCORN THY GOLD.”

“Get hence! avaunt! I scorn thy gold,
Likewise thy pedigree!
I plighted troth to Benjamin,
Who sails the briny sea.”

[Exit Mortimer; enter father.]

“Nay, verily,” her father said;
“Braid up thy golden hair;
Prepare to die, if thou wilt not
For nuptials prepare!”

[Flourishes a pasteboard knife.]



THE FATHER ENTERS.

She braided up her golden hair
With jewels bright, eft soon;
She clad her in her twice-dyed gown,
And eke her thrice-patched shoon.

“Oh, Benjamin! Oh, Benjamin!”
Was all that she could say;
She wist not but that he was dead,
Or thousand leagues away.

IV

Alack for Mary Jane! the knife
 Hangs glittering o'er her head!
 Before the altar, Mortimer
 Waits his fair bride to wed.

"Who knocks upon the outer gate?
 Oh, father, quickly hie!"
 "'T is but the grimy charcoal man;
 We have no time to buy!"



"HER SHRIEKS NO MERCY WIN!"

"Methinks I hear the area-bell;
 Oh, father, quickly speed!"
 "'T is but a pesky book-agent;
 Thou hast no time to read!"

The fatal knife descends, descends !
Her shrieks no mercy win !
When lo, a shout !—the door gives way !
In rushes Benjamin !



“I NOW RETURN, A TRILLIONAIRE.”

“Full many a year, a pirate bold,
I’ve sailed the Spanish Main ;
I now return, a trillionaire,
To claim thee, Mary Jane !”

Out spake her happy sire then :
“Can I my eyes believe ?
Upon your knees, my children dear,
My blessing to receive !”

Alas for luckless Mortimer,
Of love the hopeless dupe !
He gave up all his title-deeds,
And joined a circus troupe.

But merrily the bells did ring,
Loud was the cannon's din,
Upon the day when Mary Jane
Was wed to Benjamin!

[A low step-ladder, or table covered with a cloth, may be used for the wall. Mary Jane's bonnet can be made of a newspaper. Her father may wear a waterproof cloak, belted in, if a dressing-gown is not obtainable.]

ACTING BALLADS

BY AMY LOVELL

IN the long winter evenings, when lessons are all learned, supper eaten, and while bedtime is still a good way off, there comes a pause which is (or should be) "known as the children's hour." Everybody is a little tired. Boys and girls stretch themselves again, and wish there were something pleasant to do. If there is *not* anything pleasant to do, the yawns increase, the pause becomes first dull, then quarrelsome, and the evening ends unpleasantly, or the boys sidle toward the door and invent errands to the store or the post-office, which lays the foundation of a habit of being out, and of various mischiefs.

Now, there are plenty of pleasant things which can be done to fill up this unoccupied hour. The boys and girls can play at chess, backgammon, or cards. Don't be shocked, dear papas and mamas, at the word "cards." Cards are not in themselves harmful, and almost all young people are likely to play them sooner or later. It is a thousand times better that they should do so at home as a permitted amusement, than away from home, with the feeling that they are indulging in a guilty pleasure which they must hide from you. There can be reading aloud from some really entertaining book. There are parlor games of all kinds, and some which tax the wits a little without

tiring them. There are candy-pulling, corn-popping, roasting apples by a string, telling stories round the fire, piano kaleidoscope, acting charades. And, easier than charades, and better fun, there is acting a *ballad*, about which I particularly want to tell, because it is new to many of you, and in the long winter evenings you may like to try it.

Acting a ballad does not require as much preparation as acting a charade, because the movement is all in pantomime, and is regulated by the movement of the ballad chosen. It is necessary, of course, that all who act should know the ballad, or should read it over carefully several times, so as to be prepared for what is coming, and ready to express by their gestures and faces what is supposed to be going on. Many who have not confidence to act in a charade will find that they can do this easily, for no ready wit is needed, and it often is much easier to follow a course laid out for you than to invent one of your own.

If there is a piano in the room, and any one who can sing, the ballad should be *sung* slowly and distinctly, with an accompaniment which introduces an imitation of the sounds of wars, storms, guns, or whatever else may transpire in the ballad. If not, it must be read or recited, taking care to pronounce clearly and give due emphasis to the words. The characters must come in at the proper moment as the singing or reading progresses, and time their movements to the movement of the story. The ballad chosen should always be one in which there is little relation and as much action as possible. Campbell's

ballad of "Lord Ullin's Daughter" is a good example of the sort of ballad to choose. "The Young Lochinvar" is another, and that pretty poem, "Old Mistletoe Bough," which is always successful, giving as it does opportunity for quaint groups and sudden changes of scene. Others, which I have never seen acted, but which could not fail of effect, are Tennyson's ballads of "The Lord of Burleigh" and "Lady Clare." None of these are *funny* ballads, although the improvised scenery, dresses, and stage properties will naturally lend a flavor of comedy to them as they are enacted. In entertainments of this sort, grace should be consulted as well as comedy, and there is a wide difference between *burlesquing* a poem and *acting* it with just that tender edge of fun which gives piquancy without marring the intention of the poet.

As an example of comical ballad-acting, let us take Campbell's "Lord Ullin's Daughter," a poem with which most of you are probably familiar. It requires four principal performers, and two or three assistants, who remain out of sight, or by the courtesy of the audience are supposed to be so.

The curtain rises, revealing the ferryman in his boat. There is no need of an actual curtain; a blanket shawl hung on two gimlets answers the purpose perfectly, or if there are two connecting rooms a door can be opened and shut. As real boats are not easily obtainable in parlors, it will be well to make a substitute out of two large clothes-baskets, which will furnish convenient accommodation for three persons. There must be footstools or boxes for seats, and beneath the boat large traveling-shawls or table-

cloths should be spread, which the assistants at the sides of the room can shake to imitate the movement of waves—slightly at first, but more and more impetuously as the story goes on. The boatman is naturally in shirt-sleeves or in a jacket or greatcoat, while pokers or yardsticks will suffice for oars.

The other characters are the lady, her knight, and the father.

The poem begins thus :

A chieftain, to the Highlands bound,
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry."

During the singing of this verse the chief and lady enter. The chief shows the boatman a piece of money. He is dressed in hat and tall feather, with a plaid shawl arranged to represent the Highlander's plaid, and is armed with a bread-knife or pistols; he also carries a valise, bandbox, and umbrella. The lady should be attired in a wide hat and waterproof cloak, and should carry a bird-cage, a work-basket, and a parasol.

Second verse :

"Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water?"
"Oh, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter."

This is all in pantomime, of course. The boatman calls attention to the stormy water, as the waves rise,

and strives with gestures to dissuade them from crossing. Third verse :

“And fast before her father’s men
Three days we ’ve fled together;
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.”

Here the lady is terrified and shudders, looking imploringly at the boatman. He goes on with much action through the next :

“His horsemen hard behind us ride;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover?”

The boatman consents to receive them, and bustles about as preparing the boat. The lady clings to her lover and looks anxiously behind. Next verses :

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight :

“I ’ll go, my chief ; I ’m ready.
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady.

“And by my word ! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry ;
So, though the waves are raging white,
I ’ll row you o’er the ferry.”

They hurry their luggage into the boat ; the lady gets in ; the chief and the boatman remain standing, and look back for the pursuers.

But now the storm increases ; the gas should be lowered, and the piano accompaniment should be a

low, dull roll in the bass, with occasional high, wild notes to represent the water-spirit.

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking;
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men—
Their tramping sounded nearer.

A tramping should be made in the hall, gradually approaching; the terror of all in the boat increases.

“Oh, haste thee, haste!” the lady cries,
“Though tempests round us gather;
I’ll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father.”

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her—
When, oh! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gathered o’er her.

The lady clings to her bird-cage; the chief puts down his umbrella wide open, and feebly assists in the rowing. The waves increase, and the tramping approaches nearer.

And still they rode amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing.
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore;
His wrath was changed to wailing.

Here Lord Ullin rides in on a chair or cane, with cloak and feathered hat. He is armed with a lance,

which can be improvised from a yardstick. Seeing the fearful situation of things, the distracted parent rides frantically up and down, imploring their return, his steed curveting excitedly.

For, sore dismayed, through storm and shade,
His child he did discover;
One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover.

“Come back! come back!” he cried with grief,
“Across this stormy water;
And I’ll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter! O my daughter!”

The gestures of the stern father must show how intense is his anxiety. The boat reels. One by one the things are thrown overboard—bird-cage, valise, umbrella, and work-basket. Even these sacrifices are in vain. The boatman endeavors to turn the boat.

’T was vain—the loud waves lashed the shore,
Return or aid preventing;
The waters wild went o’er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

The entire boat and its contents toss and reel, until they at last all topple over, and are supposed to be submerged in the wild waters; the waves (shawls) rise, and finally cover them from sight. The father remains frantically riding to and fro, wringing his hands, and enacting the most intense despair. At last he rides off, while the others emerge from their watery graves, and the curtain falls, let us hope, amid “immense applause.”

Ingenuity is essential in converting to use materials that some would think of no avail, but which others quickly adopt. Thus an open umbrella becomes an apple-tree with an apple stuck on each point, a shovel and poker make a fair violin, while a muff-box or a saucepan does duty as a military hat. This is much better fun than to have the real things. What is more amusing than the play in "Midsummer Night's Dream," where a lantern represents moonshine, and somebody takes the part of a wall, holding up his fingers to make a cranny for the lovers to whisper through!

Both for winter and summer evenings ballad-acting can be made an available entertainment. Even in the woods at a picnic, one could be easily arranged, the bushes serving as screen and green-room for the characters, and the stage appointments being furnished out of the lunch-baskets and the wearing-apparel of the audience.

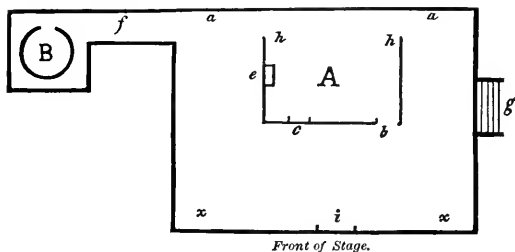
THE HOUSE OF SANTA CLAUS

A CHRISTMAS FAIRY SHOW

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON

ARRANGEMENT OF THE STAGE

The stage, shown in the diagram, is about fifteen feet deep by twenty in width in its main portions. It may vary considerably from these dimensions, according to the size of the hall or Sunday-school room. The room in this diagram is supposed to be forty feet wide. The stage should not be less than twelve feet in depth nor less than fifteen in width. The portions of the

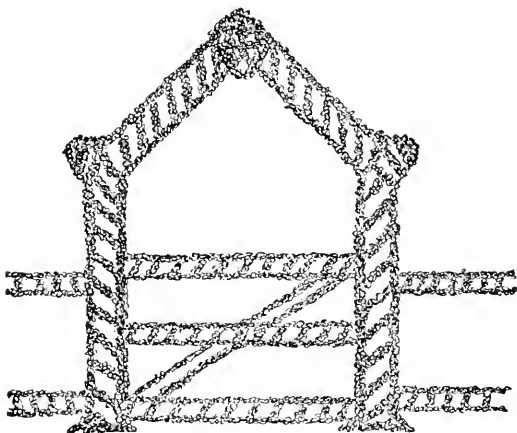


PLAN OF THE STAGE.

stage represented at B and *f* may be on the same level of the main platform, or B may be higher or lower, and *f* an incline. The beauty of the stage is greatly enhanced by surrounding it with a fence of pop-corn. The upright posts should be bits of lath eighteen inches high, the lower end nailed to the edge of the platform, and the whole wrapped with strings of pop-corn. Then draw two strands of the corn from post to post, to represent the horizontal rails. At *i* there should be a gate with a

pointed arch over the top. This should also be of lath, wrapped with pop-corn. There should be three strands in the gate and a diagonal brace. The pop-corn fence is not essential, but it is a great addition to the beauty of the scene, giving the stage a weird and fairy-like appearance, and contrasting finely with the dark green behind. At *x, x*, two small Christmas trees may be planted.

The house *A* is nine feet in length and six in depth. It should be about six feet high at the eaves. The frame is of



THE GATE.

studding, and it is first covered with lath nailed six inches or more apart. Cedar boughs are then so interwoven as to entirely cover it. The roof is thatched in the same way. At *c* there is a chimney made by knocking out both ends of a packing-box such as is used for shoes. The box is kalsomined or painted to look like stone; cleats are nailed around this chimney near the top, to imitate ornamental stonework. The box is securely nailed to the timbers of the house, and there is a ladder inside the house, so arranged that the lad who represents Santa Claus can put his head and shoulders out at the top. At *b* there is a

doorway two feet wide, in which is a door on hinges. Make it an open frame covered with pink tissue-paper. The window *c* is two feet square and made like the door, but intersected with strings of pop-corn for sashes. Over the doorway *b* is a transparency like a transom. It reads "Santa Claus," and is lighted by a lantern behind. The house should be provided with a door-bell. Every precaution must be taken against fire. The house should stand about two feet from the wall, and the back may be left open.

At *a*, *a*, two pumpkin faces illuminated are suspended or put upon any support that may be found convenient.

At *B* there should be either a miniature tent or a dense arbor of evergreens. If the tent is used, a Chinese lantern may be suspended on the top outside.

CHARACTERS, COSTUMES, ETC.

SANTA CLAUS should be a boy of fourteen or sixteen years of age, with good acting qualities, especially a sense of drollery. He should have any appropriate costume, wig, mask, etc. He carries a snuff-box and a red or yellow handkerchief. He is also provided with a whistle.

The DWARFS are boys of ten or twelve years of age. They wear masks and a red tunic of paper-muslin, stuffed, to give them a hunchback appearance. They carry staffs, little tin trumpets, stoop as they walk, and speak in a squeaky falsetto. Their stations are just inside the house, at *h*, *h*. They appear from behind the house in every case except the very last.

The FAIRY QUEEN should be a little girl of from six to nine years of age, dressed in gauze, with wings of the same material. Stripes or stars, or spangles of gold paper, add to the effect of her dress. She wears a coronet and carries a wand.

The COMMITTEE should consist of three girls in ordinary dress. They are represented by X., Y., and Z. in the following dialogue, but their real names should be used instead of the letters. Z. should be a rather small girl.

PRELIMINARY ARRANGEMENTS

The superintendent or pastor conducts the introductory exercises from some point in front of the stage. No one must be seen on the stage until the dialogue begins.

At the time of beginning, the house A conceals Santa Claus and his two dwarfs, and a grown person who has charge of the lights and who acts as prompter. There is no light on the stage except that in the transparency over the door, and that in the pumpkin faces. There are a large number of tapers or lamps inside the house, carefully arranged to avoid the danger of fire. These are not lighted until the signal is given in the dialogue. The fairy queen is concealed in her bower at B, with some one who has charge of her, and an automatic music-box, that stands upon the floor of the platform, wound up and ready to be started at the proper time. The committee of girls sit in the audience, and not together.

After appropriate introductory exercises, a teacher rises in his place and speaks in substance as follows :

TEACHER. Mr. Superintendent, I see some very pleasant decorations here, but no presents or refreshments for the scholars. I move that a committee of three be appointed to go up to Fairyland and inquire of Santa Claus. I would like to know why this Sunday-school has been left out.

ANOTHER TEACHER. I second that motion.

[Superintendent puts this question to vote, and declares it carried, in due form.

SUPERINTENDENT. I would appoint—let me see—girls are better at coaxing than boys, I think—I will appoint X., Y., and Z. [*calling the girls by their real names*], who will please come forward.

[X., Y., and Z. rise from their places in their several classes, and come forward to the superintendent.

SUPERINTENDENT. Girls, you see we are without any candy or anything of the sort for our scholars. Old Santa Claus has forgotten us. He never did so before. Now I want you three to proceed to Fairy-land and see if you can find him. Tell him we must have something. Don't come down without something. We can't have all these children disappointed.

[The committee proceed by the steps to the stage. They stop to examine the first pumpkin face.

Z. What a strange face! Wonder who it is!

Y. One of Santa's tricks, I suppose.

X. They do say that he 's full of fun. But this must be his house. Let 's find the door. [*All proceed to the front.*] Here it is.

Y. Is n't it cute? I 'd like to live here.

Z. And play dolly-house?

X. Here 's a door-bell. Santa Claus has all the latest improvements, I declare.

Y. Ring it.

Z. No, don't; I 'm afraid.

X. Pshaw! Santa never hurts anybody. Don't you see his name over the door? [*Rings. After a pause.*] I wonder he don't answer. Maybe he is n't at home.

Y. Gone sleigh-riding, as sure as I live!

Z. I guess he 's gone to bed. Maybe his mama would n't let him sit up late.

X. Let 's look around, and see what we can find. You two go around that side, and I 'll go around this. See if you can't find him in behind the face that 's hanging up there.

[X. goes to the left, around the house, while Y. and Z. go around to the right. They proceed timidly to the back of the house, out of sight of the audience, whereupon the dwarfs blow sharp blasts upon their horns, and the girls all rush back to the front of the house.

X. I 'm so scared!

Y. AND Z. Oh, dear! I 'm so scared!

X. What could it be? Guess old Santa Claus made that noise just for fun. I wish the superintendent had come himself, or sent some of the boys!

Y. I 'll bet the boys would run from that noise. Don't you?

X. Yes. Boys never are as brave as girls, anyhow. But let 's go back again, and see what there is there.

Z. I 'm afraid.

X. Well, you stay here, and Y. will go that way, and I will go this way.

[X. again goes to the right, Y. to the left. They proceed more timidly than before to the rear of the house, disappearing behind it. The dwarfs blow their horns, the girls reappear, crying out in alarm, and the dwarfs run out after them. The girls hurry back to the front of the house, followed by the dwarfs — one coming round one end of the house, the other round the other. They speak in high, squeaky tones.

FIRST DWARF. What do you want?

SECOND DWARF. What are you doing here?

X. We want Santa Claus. But we did not know there were two Santa Clauses.

[The dwarfs laugh long and loud.

FIRST DWARF. We are not Santa Clauses. We are the dwarfs that take care of Santa Claus's store-rooms, full of goodies and presents.

SECOND DWARF. But there 's nothing left to take care of now. Santa 's given away all he had this Christmas.

X. But we must see old Santa. Our Sunday-school has been left without anything, and we want to see good old Claus himself.

FIRST DWARF. But you can't. He 's asleep.

SECOND DWARF. He was out all night last night, and now he 's tired to death and sleeping like a top. Thunder would n't wake him.

X. But we must see him.

Y. AND Z. Yes, we *must*.

SECOND DWARF. If you 'd been riding over roofs all night—

FIRST DWARF. And climbing down chimneys—

SECOND DWARF. And filling stockings—

FIRST DWARF. And Christmas trees—

SECOND DWARF. And climbing up chimneys again—

FIRST DWARF. And getting your hands and face all over soot—

SECOND DWARF. And driving reindeer—they *do* pull—

BOTH DWARFS. I guess you 'd be sleepy too.

X. But we must have something for the children.

Y. AND Z. We *must* have something.

FIRST DWARF. There is n't a thing left.

SECOND DWARF. Not a thing.

X. What will the superintendent say?

Y. What will the children say?

Z. What will the infant class say?

X. And what will the deacons say?

Y. AND Z. Yes, what will the deacons say?

BOTH DWARFS. Deacons! Oh, my! Ha, ha!

[The dwarfs now give a blast apiece, and retreat into their hiding-places.]

X. Well, I'm going to wake up old Santa Claus.

Y. Maybe he'll be cross.

X. But we must have something. [*Rings.*] I wonder he does n't answer.

Z. Ring louder.

X. Well, here goes. [*Rings three or four times.*]

[Santa Claus, appearing at the top of the chimney, blows his whistle.]

X., Y., AND Z. Oh, dear!

SANTA CLAUS. Who's there? Who rang my bell, I'd like to know? Pity if I can't sleep Christmas night, when I'm tired to death. Who's there, I say?

X. Oh, you dear old Santa Claus! Don't be angry. Some of your little friends have come to Fairyland to see you. Come down.

SANTA CLAUS. Ha, ha, ha! Some of my little friends come to see me! Well, well! [*Blows his whistle.*] Light up the house, fairies, light up the house. [*Whistles again, and then descends the chimney and reappears at the front door. The house is lighted within.*] How do you do, girls? How do you do? [*Shakes hands all round, and then, with great deliberation, takes a pinch of snuff.*] Well, I'm glad to see you. What can I do for you?

X. Why, you see, Santa Claus, our Sunday-school is left without anything this Christmas.

SANTA CLAUS. [*Sneezes and uses his bandana.*] What? You don't tell me so! What 's the name of your school?

X. The — Sunday-school.

SANTA CLAUS. Oh, yes! And your superintendent is Mr. —? I know him like a book. I 've filled his stockings many a time when he was a little fellow. I don't know how I came to miss that school. But you see I 'm getting old and forgetful.

Y. How old are you, Santa?

SANTA CLAUS. Oh, now! Do you think I 'd tell you that?

Z. You must be as old as the Centennial.

SANTA CLAUS. Pshaw! I used to fill George Washington's stockings when he was a little boy.

Y. No! Now, did you?

SANTA CLAUS. Of course I did.

Y. What did you put in them?

SANTA CLAUS. What did I put in little Georgie Washington's stockings? Well, now, that 's more than a hundred years ago, and an old man's memory is n't strong. I can't remember but one thing.

X. What 's that?

SANTA CLAUS. A hatchet.

Y. Oh, my!

Z. That same little hatchet?

SANTA CLAUS. The very same little hatchet. [*Laughs.*] But I did not give him the cherry-tree.

X. Yes; but we must have something for our school, good Santa Claus.

SANTA CLAUS. But you can't. I've given away all I had, and turned the reindeer out on the mountains to pasture, and the times are so hard that I can't afford to hire a livery team.

X. Yes; but we must have something.

Y. Yes; we must, dear old Santa.

Z. Yes, indeed.

SANTA CLAUS. [*Takes snuff and sneezes.*] Well, what is to be done? How many scholars have you got this year?

X. About —.

SANTA CLAUS. So many! Why, you must be growing. I hope you have n't any Christmas bummers among them — folks that come to Sunday-school to get something to eat. I hate that kind.

Y. I don't think we have many of that sort.

SANTA CLAUS. Well, I always did like that school, and now I've gone and forgotten it! I wish something could be done. [*Blows his whistle long and loud, and shouts.*] Dwarfs, here! Drako, where are you? Krako, come! Wake up! [*Whistles again.*]

[Enter dwarfs, each blowing his horn.

SANTA CLAUS. Now, my little raseals, what have you got for the — Sunday-school?

BOTH DWARFS. [*Bowing very low.*] Nothing, my lord.

SANTA CLAUS. [*Takes snuff and sneezes.*] I don't see that I can do anything for you.

X. But we cannot go back without something. The children will cry.

SANTA CLAUS. Dwarfs, go and look again.

[They go back behind the house as before. After a time they reappear.

FIRST DWARF. We cannot find a thing.

SECOND DWARF. Not one thing.

SANTA CLAUS. [*Takes snuff.*] Well, my little friends, this is very embarrassing—very; but I have n't a thing left.

X. But we can't go back. What will the superintendent say? We must have something.

Y. Something or other.

Z. Yes, something.

SANTA CLAUS. I'll go and see myself. [*Exit into house. After a considerable delay reënters.*] Yes, I find a box of candy, nuts, and pop-corn in the closet.

X., Y., AND Z. Candy, nuts, and pop-corn! Good!

SANTA CLAUS. What have you got to put the things in?

X. Why, we have n't got anything.

SANTA CLAUS. Well, then, the children will have to take off their stockings and let me fill them.

X., Y., AND Z. Oh, Santa Claus! we could n't, such a cold night as this.

SANTA CLAUS. [*Takes snuff, looks perplexed, walks about the stage.*] Well, I don't know what to do.

X. Oh, dear!

Y. Oh, dear!

Z. Oh, dear! dear! dear!

SANTA CLAUS. [*Starting up.*] Now I have it.

X. Have what?

SANTA CLAUS. An idea.

Z. An idea? [*Addressing X.*] What's an idea? Can you put candy into an idea?

X. Be still, Z. Let's hear what Santa Claus's idea may be.

SANTA CLAUS. I know who will help me out of this trouble. There 's my friend the Fairy Queen.

X. The Fairy Queen !

Y. Oh, my !

Z. Goody ! goody ! goody !

[Santa Claus blows three blasts on his whistle and listens. The music-box in the fairy bower begins to play.

SANTA CLAUS. Listen ! She 's coming !

X. Fairy music !

Y. AND Z. Sh-h !

[The fairy comes down from B, skipping and reciting or singing :

In the secret rocky dell,
There the fairies love to dwell ;
Where the stars on dewdrops glancee,
There the fairies love to dance.

BOTH DWARFS. [*Bowing to Santa Claus.*] The Fairy Queen, my lord !

SANTA CLAUS. [*Bowing.*] Hail, Queen of the Fairies !

X., Y., AND Z. [*Bowing.*] Hail, Queen of the Fairies !

FAIRY QUEEN. [*Bowing.*] Hail, Santa Claus ! Hail, little friends !

Oh, stocking-filler Santa Claus,
I heard you whistle—what 's the cause ?
You rough and shaggy children's friend,
Why did you for a fairy send ?

SANTA CLAUS. [*Taking snuff.*] Why, you see, here 's a Sunday-school forgotten, — hundred children ! I want to give them something. But they have n't got anything to put it in.

FAIRY QUEEN.

How would fairy stockings do?

White or black or pink or blue?

X. Fairy stockings!

Y. Oh, my!

Z. Goody! goody! goody!

FAIRY QUEEN. [*Waving her hand toward B.*]

Whatever Santa Claus shall say,

That let Fairyland obey.

SANTA CLAUS. [*Entering the house and blowing his whistle.*] Fill up the stockings, fairies; fill up the stockings.

[The dwarfs enter, this time by the front door, and return, carrying between them a basket full of little pink tarlatan stockings filled with candy, nuts, etc., which are then distributed to the children.]

MOTHER GOOSE OPERETTA

(In Three Scenes, Founded upon the Story of "Bobby Shaftoe")

BY G. B. BARTLETT

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES

Five or more pairs of boys and girls as peasants—with bright skirts, laced bodices, high-crowned muslin caps, or any picturesque costumes for the girls; knee-breeches with broad suspenders, and white shirts (no coats), straw hats with bright ribbons, for the boys.

HERBERT has a suit of same style as the other peasants, over which he has a short coat trimmed with yellow braid.

BOBBY SHAFTOE also has a coat, much plainer than Herbert's; he has light curly hair, and wears large tin or silver-paper buckles at his knees. In Scene III he wears a sailor's suit.

MARIE, blue skirt, pink bodice, high cap with many ribbons.

All except Herbert carry covered baskets, which (if in season) can have vines of clematis hanging from them and falling over the shoulders of the peasants, many of whom carry them on their heads. One table, three chairs, and one spinning-wheel will be needed. If the actors cannot sing, the singing may be performed by concealed persons.

SCENE I

The peasants are heard singing outside; the chorus grows loud slowly, and they enter, march twice around, and form in a semicircle, and sing to the tune of "Dearest May."

It is the pleasant twilight, the sun is setting
slow,

As homeward from our daily task with merry
step we go.

It is the close of day ;
With hearts so light and gay,
In merry row, we homeward go,
To rest at close of day.

[After singing, they slowly march out, and the
music gradually dies away.

Bobby and Marie, who have remained as if in earnest conversation, come forward and sing, to the tune of "Lightly Row," "Yankee Doodle," or any other that may be suited to the words.

BOBBY. Dearest, will you marry me ?
For you know how I love thee !
Tell me, darling, will you be
The wife of Bobby Shaftoe ?

MARIE. Robert, pray don't make me say
What I 've told you twice to-day ;
Let us true friends always stay—
No more, Bobby Shaftoe !

BOBBY. If you will not marry me,
I will go away to sea,
And you nevermore shall be
Aught to Bobby Shaftoe !

MARIE. Dear Bobby, you will never go,
For you 've often told me so !
You will not go far, I know !
Good-by, Bobby Shaftoe !

[Bobby runs away as if in anger. Marie looks
after him, smiling, as if expecting him back,
grows anxious, follows the way he went a few

steps, then turns and sadly goes in the opposite direction. Herbert enters from the direction in which Bobby ran, and follows Marie, as if he had been listening to the conversation.

SCENE II

Marie enters very sadly, goes to the table at left, takes up knitting-work, throws it down impatiently, draws spinning-wheel to the right of the room, and begins to spin and sing.

Toil is sweet when hearts are light,
Sunshine follows darkest night;
Always when the heart is right,
Trouble will not linger.

Peasant girl enters in great haste, and sings.

Marie, have you heard the news?
Our dear friend has had the blues,
And has sailed upon a cruise—
Our dear Bobby Shaftoe!

Marie rises in confusion, upsets the wheel, and sings.

Bobby Shaftoe gone to sea!
And no message left for me?
Oh, it cannot, cannot be!
Dearest Bobby Shaftoe!

She cries, leaning her head on the shoulder of her friend, and the two girls sing in duet.

Bobby Shaftoe 's gone to sea,
Silver buckles on his knee;
But he'll come back again to { thee,
me,
Pretty Bobby Shaftoe!

SCENE III

Three years are supposed to have passed. Marie sits very sadly at work. Herbert enters and leans over her chair. Herbert sings.

Marie, why so cold to me?
I was ever true to thee.
Bobby Shaftoe 's lost at sea;
Give up Bobby Shaftoe!

MARIE. No, he is not lost at sea!
Fate cannot so cruel be
As to tear away from me
My own Bobby Shaftoe!

HERBERT. Pray, consent my wife to be!
For I know he 's lost at sea,
And you 'll never, never be
Wife of Bobby Shaftoe!

Marie kneels down, resting her head on the chair, as if in tears, and sings very sadly.

If he 's dead or lost at sea,
I can never care for thee;
Live or dead, I 'll faithful be,
And true to Bobby Shaftoe!

Bobby comes rushing in, dressed as a sailor. Marie runs toward him in rapture.

BOBBY. Darling, I 've come back from sea;
I 've come back to marry thee,
For I know you 're true to me—
True to Bobby Shaftoe!

MARIE. Yes, I always cared for thee!
 And now you have come from sea,
 We shall always happy be,
 Dearest Bobby Shaftoe!

Peasants enter and shake hands with Bobby, then form a ring around him and Marie, and, after dancing, sing to the tune of "Dearest May."

We welcome home our comrade, who wandered far
 away,
 To love and peace and rapture upon this happy day!
 Oh, happy day! with hearts so light and gay,
 We joyous sing in merry ring,
 Oh, happy, happy day!

NOTE. In the dialogue, the first singer sings one half of the air, and the other concludes it.

THE LAND OF NOD

(An Operetta for Young Folks, Portraying the Visit of Six Little Sleepy-heads to the King of the Land of Nod, and the Wonders They Saw at his Court.)

BY E. S. BROOKS

CHARACTERS

THE KING OF THE LAND OF NOD.

THE SAND MAN }
JACK O' DREAMS } Cabinet Ministers.

THE DREAM SPRITES.

THE DREAM GOBLIN.

THE SIX LITTLE SLEEPY-HEADS.

THE DREAM PRINCE. THE GOBLIN CAN-AND-MUST. }
MY LADY FORTUNE. THE QUEEN OF THE DOLLIES. } The
OLD MOTHER GOOSE. THE DREAM PRINCESS. } Dreams.

THE ROYAL PAGES.

HIS MAJESTY'S STANDARD-BEARER.

COSTUMES AND MOUNTING

The stage mounting and the costumes must depend entirely upon the taste and facilities of the managers. The more care bestowed upon the preparation of the costumes and the dressing of the stage, the more effective will be the presentation. If no curtain is used, the scene should be set to represent a throne-room, with a tastefully draped throne at the rear center of stage. The only other properties really necessary are a wheel-

barrow; a hand-wagon; six couches—either small mattresses or inclined frames (of this style), over which bright-colored afghans



may be thrown. Soap-boxes, cut to this shape and with sacking tacked across, would

do for these couches. Strings of artificial flowers for Dream Sprites, say thirty to forty inches long, and a banner of crimson and gold (or some equally striking combination), bearing conspicuously a big poppy, and the words, “‘To bed! To bed!’ says Sleepy-head.”

The costumes, as far as possible, should be based on the following:

THE KING. Velvet (or imitation) tunic of cardinal color-trimmed with black and gold; trunks or knee-breeches; long cardinal stockings; shoes with gold buckles; long velvet (or imitation) robe and train-cloak of royal purple, trimmed with ermine; gold crown, encircled with poppy wreath; long white beard; scepter and crown jewels.

THE SAND MAN. Common working suit of a house-painter (overalls, shirt-sleeves, etc.), painter's white or striped apron, and a sand-sprinkler or flour-dredger.

JACK O' DREAMS. Regular costume of a court jester, party-colored, with cap and bells, jester's rattle and bells.

THE DREAM SPRITES (not less than six, and more, if possible—all little girls). Pretty white dresses, gauze wings, chains of artificial flowers as above.

THE DREAM GOBLIN. Red goblin suit—tight-fitting suit with wings, red skulleep with short horns.

THE SIX LITTLE SLEEPY-HEADS. Three little boys and three little girls (the younger the better), with long white night-gowns over their clothes, the girls with nightcaps.

THE DREAM PRINCE. Fancy court suit.

MY LADY FORTUNE. Classic Grecian female costume; gold fillet in hair. Wheel, about twelve inches in diameter, from an old bicycle, made to revolve, spokes and spaces between them covered with cardboard and papered in different colors.

OLD MOTHER GOOSE. Short red petticoat, red stockings, slippers with silver buckles, brown or fancy overskirt and waist, high bell-crowned hat, red or purple cape, large spectacles, and broom.

THE GOBLIN CAN-AND-MUST. Dull-brown, tight-fitting suit, brown skulleap and short horns, heavy chains on hands.

THE QUEEN OF THE DOLLIES. Any pretty, fancy costume, gold crown, wand; she should have two or three prettily dressed dolls.

THE DREAM PRINCESS. Fancy court dress.

THE ROYAL PAGES. Two or four small boys in fancy court suits.

THE STANDARD-BEARER. Fancifully designed semi-military suit.

The costumes may most of them be made of silesia, which has the effect of silk. The following ages are suggested for children taking part in the representation. KING: stout, well-voiced boy of about sixteen. JACK O' DREAMS, SAND MAN: boys of twelve or fourteen. GOBLIN CAN-AND-MUST: boy of thirteen. THE DREAM PRINCE: boy of eleven or twelve. DREAM GOBLIN: boy of twelve or thirteen. PAGES: boys of six. STANDARD-BEARER: boy of eight or ten. DREAM SPRITES: girls of ten or twelve. DREAM PRINCESS, MY LADY FORTUNE, MOTHER GOOSE: girls of ten or twelve. QUEEN OF THE DOLLIES: girl of eight. LITTLE SLEEPY-HEADS: children of from four to six.

Appropriate music should be played between parts, or whenever a pause occurs in which music would add to the effect. Any part for which a good singer cannot be had may be spoken instead of sung. Should all the parts be spoken, instrumental music only would be required, and this could be performed behind the scenes.

THE OPERETTA

Enter in procession the King, preceded by Standard-bearer, and followed by the Pages. Music—"Fatinitza March," or any other preferred. King stands on the platform on which the

throne is raised, and faces the audience. The Standard-bearer steps back to one side, and the Pages stand on either side at the foot of the throne. All salute the King.

Music by W. F. SHERWIN.

À la Militaire.



KING.

1. I'm the jol - ly old King of the Realm of Dreams, The
 2. My..... crown is a gar - land of pop - pies bright, That
 3. Come hith - er, my hench - men, bold and true, Proud

Musical notation for the King's song. It includes a vocal line in the treble staff and a piano accompaniment in the bass staff. The key signature remains two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 6/8. The vocal line is marked with a slur over the first three notes of the first line.

Espressivo.

sweet, sleep - y Land of Nod;..... I.....
 grow in the Land of Nod;..... And I
 knights of the Land of Nod;¹.... For wher -

fol - low the sun - king's van - ish - ing beams, And
 drive round the world the black hors - es of night, Or
 ev - er I go, and what - ev - er I do, My

fly when his morn - ing glo - ry streams, For.....
 sometimes a night-mare the dreamers to fright, As I
 roy - al old head must be guid - ed by you; Now,...

¹ Enter—right and left—the Sand Man and Jack o' Dreams,
 who make each a low obeisance to his Majesty.

I am the drow - sy god— Yes, I am the drow - sy
ride to the Land of Nod, The dear, dreamy Land of
is n't that aw - fully odd? Yes, cu - ri - ous, funny and

god! But I'm King of the Night in my
Nod; And I wel - come the children, all.....
odd? For what - ev - er I do, I de -

Cas - tle of Dreams; The King of the Land of Nod!
sleep - y and white, As they come to the Land of Nod.
pend up - on you, Tho' I'm King of the Land of Nod.

(Use last four measures of introduction as an interlude.)

SAND MAN. [*Bowing to the King.*]

I—I am the Sand Man bold!

And I 'm busy as busy can be,

For I work when it 's hot,

And I work when it 's cold,

As I scatter my sand so free.

Close to the eyes of the children dear

I creep—and I creep; I peer—and I peer;

I peer as with barrow I plod.

Then I scatter, I scatter the sand so free,

Till the children are s-l-e-e-p-y as s-l-e-e-p-y can be;

And off we trot—the children with me—

To the King of the Land of Nod.

I—I am the Sand Man bold!

I come when the night-shades fall;

Then up to the children my barrow I roll,

And the sand fills the eyes of 'em all.

[Repeat last seven lines of first stanza.]

KING.

Seatter and plod, Sand Man odd;

You 're a trusty old knight of our Land of Nod.

JACK O' DREAMS. [*Bowing low to the King.*]

I 'm the sprightly young, lightly young Jack o'
Dreams,

And I caper the livelong night,

While my jingling bells, with their tingling swells,

Are the dear sleepy children's delight.

For I jingle them here, into each pearly ear,

And I jingle them there again;

And the dreams come and go, and the dreams fall
and flow,
As I jingle my bells again.
And I dart, and I whirl, o'er their brains toss and
twirl,
As I scatter the fancies odd;
I'm the child of the night, I'm the jolly young
sprite
Of the King of the Land of Nod.

KING.

Well spoken, my henchmen bold and true,
Proud knights of the Land of Nod;
But tell to me, Sand Man, what do you
Bring now to the Land of Nod?
Just sample the stock of your latest flock
For the King of the Land of Nod.

SAND MAN.

O sire! I bring to the Realm of Dreams
The *sleepiest* set of boys
That ever the sun-king's vanishing beams
Cut off from their daylight joys—
The sleepiest, drowsiest, laziest set
In all my travels I've met with yet;
And I've picked out three as a sample, you see,—
A sample most funny and odd,—
To show you the stock that comprises the flock
Of the King of the Land of Nod.

KING.

Ho! fix the couches, Jack o' Dreams,
And you, O Sand Man odd,

Roll in the boys—without their noise—
For the King of the Land of Nod.

[Low music.¹ Jack o' Dreams arranges and smooths down the couches, and the Sand Man returns, bringing in his wheelbarrow three little boys in their nightgowns, fast asleep. He and Jack o' Dreams lift them out gently and place them on their couches. King rises to receive guests.

KING. [*Joyfully.*]

Now nid, nid, nod, my bonny boys.

O Sand Man, it is plain

The stock you bring before your king

Your fealty proves again.

Sleep right, sleep tight, with fancies bright,

On Dreamland's pleasant sod ;

The night 's begun, we 'll have some fun,

Says the King of the Land of Nod.

And what, O Jack o' Dreams, do you

Bring here to the Land of Nod ?

Come ! let us know what you have to show

To the King of the Land of Nod.

JACK O' DREAMS.

Great King ! I bring the sweetest things

That ever you looked upon,

With bangs and curls, and frills and furls—

The rosiest, posiest little girls

That ever romped or run ;

¹ Gottschalk's "Cradle Song" (simplified edition); Heller's "Slumber Song"; "Swing Song," by Fontaine; "Good-night," by Loeschhorn; Lange's "Blumenlied"; "Nursery Tale," by Fradel, or other selection. Or a lady may sing "Birds in the Night," by Sullivan.

The tightest, brightest, sauciest lot
 That ever in dreams I plagued.
 I could n't pick better for you—no, not
 If you begged, and begged, and begged.
 And of these there are three that I wish you to see—
 Three sleepers *so* charming and odd;
 If Your Majesty please, shall I bring in these
 For the King of the Land of Nod?

KING.

Ay! bring them in, young Jack o' Dreams,
 And you, old Sand Man odd,
 Fix the couches all for the ladies who call
 On the King of the Land of Nod.

[Low music,¹ while Jack o' Dreams draws in a little wagon in which are three very little girls, in their nightgowns, fast asleep. He and the Sand Man lift them carefully out and lay them on the couches. King, in rapture, bends over each little girl in succession.

KING.

Oh, my pink! Oh, my pet!
 You 're the prettiest yet!
 Brave Jack o' Dreams so true,
 'T is very plain that never again
 A fairer lot we 'll view.
 Sleep soft, sleep well, O girlyies fair,
 On Dreamland's pleasant sod,
 While the Dream Sprites start in each young heart
 For the King of the Land of Nod.

[Stands by the throne and waves his scepter.

¹ See foot-note on page 49.

Cling, cling, by my scepter's swing,
By the wag of my beard so odd;
Dream Sprites small, I summon you all
To the King of the Land of Nod!

Enter the Dream Sprites, each with a chain of flowers. They glide in and out among the little sleepers.

DREAM SPRITES. [*In concert.*]

We weave, we weave our fairy chain
Round each young heart, in each young brain,
Our dream-spell chain so sweet.
Bright Dream Sprites we, so gay and free;
We come with tripping feet, with merrily
tripping feet,
To dance on Dreamland's sod,
While we weave, we weave our fairy chain
Round each young heart, in each young brain,
That beats and throbs in the sleepy train
Of the King of the Land of Nod.

Enter the Dream Goblin on tiptoe, with finger raised.

DREAM GOBLIN.

But if some children eat too much,
Or on their backs recline,
I jump and bump on all of such,
Until they groan and whine.
'T is not my fault, you 'll all agree—
I 'm naught but a goblin, as you see,
And I dance on Dreamland's sod.
But if children *will* stuff, why—that 's enough;
I know what to do, for I 'm "up to snuff,"
For the King of the Land of Nod.

KING.

Now weave your chains, ye Dream Sprites fair,
And call the Dreams from the misty air.

Stand back, O Goblin odd!

Old Sand Man, scatter your sand apace
O'er each drooping eye, on each little face;
And Jack o' Dreams, jingle your merry bells
Till the tinkling tangle falls and swells,
While trooping from Dreamland's pleasant lanes
Come the Dreams through the ring of rosy chains,
Come the Dreams so rare through the misty air,
To the King of the Land of Nod.

DREAM SPRITES' WEAVING SONG

Music composed by ANTHONY REIFF.¹

Andante.

dolce. p

¹ Copyright, 1880, by Anthony Reiff.

8: Come, come, come, Dreams of the mist-y

This system features a vocal melody in the upper staff and piano accompaniment in the lower staves. The key signature has three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The vocal line begins with a fermata over the first measure. The lyrics are 'Come, come, come, Dreams of the mist-y'.

air; Come, come, come,

This system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are 'air; Come, come, come,'.

1 Come to these chil - dren fair.

This system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are 'Come to these chil - dren fair.'.

2 Come to these chil-dren fair. Soft and low, FINE. *pp*

This system concludes the piece. It includes a repeat sign and a fermata over the final measure. The lyrics are 'Come to these chil-dren fair. Soft and low, FINE. *pp*'. The piano accompaniment also ends with a fermata and a *pp* marking.

Soft and low, Sing to each list-'ning ear,

This system contains the first line of music. It features a vocal melody in the upper staff and piano accompaniment in the lower two staves. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics 'Soft and low, Sing to each list-'ning ear,' are written below the vocal staff.

Sing to each list'ning ear; Fall and flow,

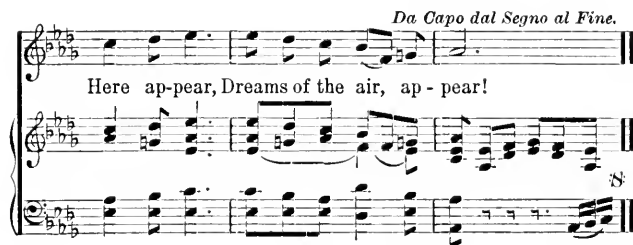
This system contains the second line of music. The vocal melody continues with the lyrics 'Sing to each list'ning ear; Fall and flow,'. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines in the left and right hands.

Fall and flow,.....

This system contains the third line of music. The vocal melody concludes the phrase 'Fall and flow,' with a long dotted line indicating a pause or continuation. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady rhythmic pattern.

Dreams of the air, ap - pear! Here ap - pear,

This system contains the fourth line of music. The vocal melody begins a new phrase with the lyrics 'Dreams of the air, ap - pear! Here ap - pear,'. The piano accompaniment features more active eighth-note patterns in the left hand.



KING.

Here, here, children dear !
 Now, by my scepter's swing,
 I hold you all in my mystic thrall,
 Fast bound in my fairy ring ;
 Eyes bright closèd tight, rest ye on Dreamland's sod.
 As your slumbers you keep, speak the language of
 sleep
 To the King of the Land of Nod.

SIX LITTLE SLEEPY-HEADS. [*Sitting up in bed, facing the audience, and nodding their heads sleepily.*]

We are Six Little Sleepy-heads just from the earth,
 To visit the Land of Nod.
 Our lessons are over, and so is our fun ;
 And after our romp, and after our run,
 Right up to our beds we plod ;
 And when mama is kissed, and prayers are said,
 Why—we drowsily, dreamily tumble in bed,
 And are off to the Land of Nod.

[Fall sleepily on their couches again.]

KING.

Now raise the call, my subjects all,
As ye gather on Dreamland's sod.
Bid the Dreams appear to the children here
And the King of the Land of Nod.

INCANTATION CHORUS [*All sing*]Music by ANTHONY REIFF.¹

Scherzoso.
mp Allegretto non troppo.

Mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly here we sing, Cheer-i-ly, cheer-i-ly

¹ Copyright, 1880, by Anthony Reiff.

let it ring, Ring, ring thro' the mist - y air;

This system features a vocal melody in the upper staff and piano accompaniment in the lower staves. The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a trill-like figure in the first measure. The piano accompaniment provides a steady harmonic foundation with chords and moving lines in both hands.

Sprightly, O! lightly, O! Come at our call; Hith - er come,

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The piano part includes a trill in the right hand during the first measure of the vocal phrase. The overall texture remains consistent with the first system.

hith - er come, Hith - er come, one and all! Hith - er come,

The third system shows the continuation of the call. The piano accompaniment features a more active bass line with eighth-note patterns. The vocal line maintains its melodic flow.

hith - er come, Come to these chil-dren fair.

mf

The final system concludes the phrase. The piano part ends with a series of chords in the right hand and a descending line in the left hand. A mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic marking is present at the end of the system.

SECOND CHORUS.



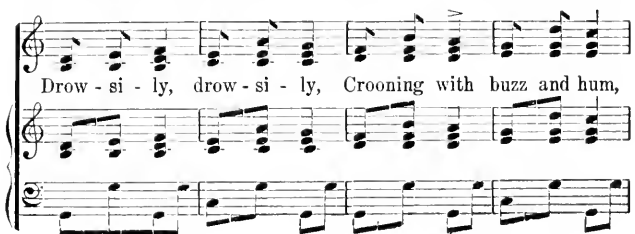
Glid - ing, slid - ing, full of joy,



Hast - en, hast - en, girl and boy. A - sleep, a - sleep on



Dream-land's sod, Quickly, oh, quickly we bid you come.



Drow - si - ly, drow - si - ly, Crooning with buzz and hum,

To the King of the Land of Nod, The King of the Land of

This system contains the first line of the song. It features a treble and bass staff with piano accompaniment. The melody is in the treble staff, and the lyrics are written below it. The music is in a simple, folk-like style with a steady rhythm.

REFRAIN.
Nod. Good night! Good night!

This system contains the first line of the refrain. It features a treble and bass staff with piano accompaniment. The melody is in the treble staff, and the lyrics are written below it. The music is in a simple, folk-like style with a steady rhythm.

Says the King of the Land of Nod. Buzz-buzz,

This system contains the second line of the refrain. It features a treble and bass staff with piano accompaniment. The melody is in the treble staff, and the lyrics are written below it. The music is in a simple, folk-like style with a steady rhythm.

Buzz - buzz, Says the King of the Land of Nod.

This system contains the third line of the refrain. It features a treble and bass staff with piano accompaniment. The melody is in the treble staff, and the lyrics are written below it. The music is in a simple, folk-like style with a steady rhythm.

[As the buzz-buzz chorus is repeated, with nodding motion and music accompaniment, the Six Dreams silently enter and stand behind the little sleepers.

THE DREAM PRINCE. [*Steps in front of first little girl.*]

I'm the gallant Prince of the Fairy Isles
That float in the mists of story,
I'm the glittering Prince of the Realm of Smiles,
And I tread the paths of glory.
I call the bright flush to each eager cheek,
As my deeds are read with rapture,
And the dangers I face and the words I speak
Are certain all hearts to capture.
Oh, I've danced in the brains of countless girls,
As they've read with joy the story
Of my wondrous treasures of gold and pearls,
And my marvelous deeds of glory.
I'm the Prince who glitters on many a page
Of many a fairy story,
Ever young and brave, as from age to age
I reign in perennial glory;
And I come to-night at the call of my King,
To dance through *your* sleep, dream-laden,
And many a happy thought to bring
To my rare little, fair little maiden.

[Shakes his sword aloft.

Here's my strong right arm, that shall shield from
harm

This Queen of my Realm of Story;
I'm your Prince so true, and I come to you,
Filling your dreams with glory.

[Steps behind her again.

KING.

Right gallantly spoken, my brave young Prince ;
No knight of my realm has trod
More loyal than you for the pleasures true
Of the King of the Land of Nod.

MY LADY FORTUNE. [*To first little boy.*]

With My Lady Fortune's wheel,
Turning ever, woe or weal,
Into every life I steal,
As to you, my boy.
Listen, while I tell to you
All I'm able now to do,
If my aid you rightly sue,
For your future joy.
With my wheel, I'll turn and turn
All the joys for which you yearn—
High and leaping thoughts that burn
In your heart so bright.
Wealth and health, and honor, too,
All that's noble, brave, and true,
With my wheel I turn for you
In your dreams to-night.
But, my boy, remember this—
Guard your heart, lest Fortune's kiss
Turn your noble aims amiss
To the ditch of pride ;
Wealth and health may sometimes pall ;
Pride e'er goes before a fall ;
With good luck be wise withal ;
Never worth deride.
Fortune comes from patient heart,

Pleasures, too, from kindness start,
 Luck from pluck should never part;
 So, my boy, be strong!
 Ever to yourself be true;
 Help the needy ones who sue;
 Upright be and manly, too,
 Victor over wrong.

KING.

Hurrah for My Lady Fortune's wheel!
 May it turn full many a rod,
 Never for woe, but ever for weal,
 Says the King of the Land of Nod.

OLD MOTHER GOOSE. [*To second little girl.*]

Over the hills and far away,
 Sailing aloft on my broomstick gay,
 Out from the Land of the Long Ago,
 Out from the Realm of the Want to Know,
 Scattering song-seeds high and low,
 Travel I fast to the children.

Into your dreams I bring to-night
 Snatches of song and of story bright,
 Glimpses of what you know—oh, so well!
 From the man who cries, "Young lambs to sell,"
 To the poor drowned kitty and ding-dong bell,
 And dear old Mother Hubbard.

Old King Cole and his Fiddlers Three,
 The Wise Men sailing their bowl to sea,
 Humpty-dumpty, the Mouse in the Clock,

Taffy the Welshman, who got such a knock,
Little Bo-peep and her tailless flock,
And the House that Jack Built jumble.

Soon from your life I fade away ;
Treasure, my dear, to your latest day
The songs I 've sung and the truths I 've taught,
The mirth and laughter that oft I 've brought,
The sense my nonsense has ever wrought,
And the blessing of Mother Goose.

KING.

Dear Mrs. Goose, I 'm proud to see
You here on Dreamland's sod ;
And ever to you my castle is free,
Says the King of the Land of Nod.

THE GOBLIN CAN-AND-MUST. [*To second little boy.*]

Clank ! clank ! in my dungeon dank,
I live far down among chains and dust ;
And I say to each girl, and I say to each boy,
I 'm the grim old Goblin Can-and-Must.
When they go to bed ugly, and cross, and bad,
Leaving mother and father *so* sorry and sad,
Then I come—and I stand—and I say :

[Shaking his finger.

Little boy, little boy, you are wrong, you are
wrong !

And this is the burden of my song :
What your parents say do should be easy for
you,
And you *can and must* obey.

Yes, you *can and must* do right, do right;
 And however you squirm and twist,
 I shall come and shall stand in your dreams at night;
 And they 'll never be happy, and never be bright,
 Until love your heart has kissed,
 And you 're ready to say, on the very next day,
 "My parents I *can and must* obey."
 Then away from your dreams to his chains and dust
 Will vanish the Goblin *Can-and-Must*!

KING.

You 're out of place, Mr. Can-and-Must! Go
 From pleasant Dreamland's sod!
 There 's not a boy—

[Here Can-and-Must shakes his head, and
 points to second little boy in proof of his
 statement.]

What—no? Why,—sho!
 Says the King of the Land of Nod.

QUEEN OF THE DOLLIES. [*To third little girl.*]

Little one, pretty one,
 Sleeping so sound,
 Resting so calmly on Sleepyland's ground,
 Open your heart to a dream of delight,
 Open your dream-lids for me, dear, to-night;
 Open your dream-eyes to see what I bring,
 Open your dream-ears to hear what I sing;
 List to me, turn to me, here as I stand,
 The Queen of the Dollies
 From bright Dollyland.

Small dreamer, wee dreamer,
Into your heart
Now, with my fancies and visions, I dart;
Visions of dollies all satin and puff,
Visions of dollies in azure and buff,
Cloth of gold, silver thread, velvets so rare,
Gossamer laces,—fair faeces, real hair,—
Bonnets, and bracelets, and jewels so grand—
Oh, sweet are the dollies
Of bright Dollyland.

Precious one, little one,
Come, will you go
Off with the Queen to the wonders she'll show?
Make your own heart, then, a land of delight,
Fair with life's sunshine, with love's glances bright.
Then shall we float, dear, in dreams soft and sweet,
Off to the joy-gates and down the fair street,—
Into the palae, and there, hand in hand,
Reign both—Queens of Dollies
In bright Dollyland.

KING.

And I will go, too, fair Queen, with you,
To Dollyland's beautiful sod.
Yes, your Majesty bright, we will go to-night,
Says the King of the Land of Nod.

THE DREAM PRINCESS. [*To third little boy.*]

Daisies and buttercups lowly bend—
Bend for me as I pass;
For the Queen of the Dreams to this boy doth send

His own little, sweet little lass.
O roses bright, and violets, too,
Rejoice as so swiftly I pass;
I shall dance and flutter his day-dreams through—
I 'm his own little, sweet little lass.

O Powers above! In your infinite love,
Make him gentle, and brave, and strong;
Make him fearless and true, and manly, too,
As ye hasten his years along.

O Prince of the Isles of Beautiful Smiles,
Send us pleasure and happiness rare;
Send us favoring tides as our ship gaily glides
Down Life's flowing river so fair.

KING.

Well, well, my brave boy, there 'll be nothing but
joy
In your pathway—so soon to be trod.
May this sweet little lass make it all come to pass,
Says the King of the Land of Nod.

JACK O' DREAMS. [*Rushing in at right.*]

Great King! the sun is on the run
The lamps of day to light.

'T is time to go, oh! oh!

With the vanishing shades of night.

Dismiss your court, break off your sport;

'T is time that your way you trod
Around Cape Horn, ere day is born,
To the opposite Land of Nod.

SAND MAN. [*Rushing in at left.*]

Too true, too true! Great King, for you
 The horses of night I 've hitched
 To your chariot grand, and a fresh load of sand
 Into my barrow I 've pitched.
 So, let us be off! be off! be off!
 To China's celestial sod,
 To hold the court, and renew the sport,
 Of the King of the Land of Nod.

[Spirited music—"Racquet Galop," Simmons,
 "Full of Joy Galop," Fahrbach, "Boccaccio
 March," or other selection.]

KING. [*Rising.*]

Gather and plod, gather and plod;
 Up and away from the Land of Nod!

SAND MAN AND JACK O' DREAMS. [*Together.*]

Goblins, sprites, and dreamy ring,
 Gather, gather round your King,
 Here on Dreamland's sod.
 Round the world we now must go,
 Ere the sun his face doth show
 In this Land of Nod.

All the characters form in circle around the children, and
 all excepting the King sing or repeat together:

Music by W. F. SHERWIN.



TO THE CHILDREN. *Softly.*

{ Chil - dren dear, Sleep - ing here, Fare you, fare you
 { Pleasures bright Round you light, Hap - py chil - dren

TO THE KING. *f*

well! Might - y King, Break the ring
 all. Might - y King, Break the ring



TO THE CHILDREN.



Of this mag - ic spell. } Nid no more, Nod no more,
 Of sleep's mys - tic thrall. }



All raise arms. *ff*

Here on Dreamland's sod. Wake! wake! the

spell we break Of the King of the Land of Nod.

The musical score is written for a vocal soloist and piano accompaniment. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 2/2. The vocal line begins with the instruction 'All raise arms.' and a fortissimo (ff) dynamic marking. The lyrics are: 'Here on Dreamland's sod. Wake! wake! the spell we break Of the King of the Land of Nod.' The piano accompaniment consists of chords and arpeggiated figures in both hands.

KING. [*From his throne, using music of first song.*]

I'm the jolly old King of the Realm of Dreams,

The sweet, sleepy Land of Nod.

But I fly from the sun-king's morning beams

To the Kingdom of Night and the Castle of Dreams

Far away in the Land of Nod—

In the Chinaman's Land of Nod;

For I'm no good at all when the sunlight streams—

I am King of the Land of Nod!

[Descends from the throne.]

Gather round me, henchmen bold and true,
 Proud knights of the Land of Nod;
 Bear your monarch away round the world with you.

[*To the children.*] God-speed ye, dear children!

Whatever you do,
 Come again to the Land of Nod.
 Wake, boys! and wake, girls! here 's the day shining
 through,
 Says the King of the Land of Nod.

[All pass off in procession, Standard-bearer
 leading, followed by the King and his Pages,
 Sand Man, Jack o' Dreams, Dream Sprites,
 Dreams, and Goblins. As they move off,
 they sing in chorus the following:

GOOD-BY SONG

(Use the music of the Incantation Chorus, on page 56)

Tra-la-la, la-la-la, soft and slow,
 Singing merrily, now we go
 Off through the misty air.
 Waken, O little ones! Here is the dawn.
 Wake, with the flush of the rosy morn
 Tingeing each cheek so fair.

Soft we go, slow we go; now farewell.
 Dreamers, awake, we break the spell.
 Haste ye from Dreamland's sod;
 Good night! Good morning! say King and court.
 Rouse ye, O children! waken to sport—
 Farewell to the Land of Nod.

Good-by! Good-by!
Says the King of the Land of Nod;
Good-by! Good-by!
Says the King of the Land of Nod.

[When the last strains of the Good-by Song die away, and all is quiet, the Six Little Sleepy-heads begin to stir and stretch. Low music, — “Nursery Tale,” by Fradel, or “Blumenlied,” by Lange,—during which the Six Little Sleepy-heads sit up on the edge of their couches, rub their eyes, and finally become wide awake.]

SIX LITTLE SLEEPY-HEADS. [*All together.*]

Oh!—oh! What a beautiful dream! What a—
Why! see all the people! Why, where are we?
Oh! Mama! Mama!

[All run off hastily.]

THE GIANT PICTURE-BOOK

(A New Style of Tableaux Vivants)

BY G. B. BARTLETT

This curious novelty can be produced with very little trouble in any parlor, by children, for the amusement of their friends, or in a public hall.

A little girl dressed in white is discovered on a couch strewn with picture-books and toys, as if she had fallen asleep at play. She is dreaming of the pictures as they are shown in the great book which leans against the wall in the center at her right. The Fairy Godmother rises from behind the couch, and stands on a cricket above and behind the child. She is dressed in red (paper-muslin or some cheap material), with long pointed waist over a black skirt. Her high, pointed hat and her shoes and stockings are red, and she wears a white ruff about her neck, and another inside her hat, which has a wide black band and a gilt buckle.

She holds in her right hand a cane with a bar across the top, and after saluting the spectators, she sings :

Sleep, darling, sleep !
My fairy watch I keep ;
In dreamy visions I call to view
Your childhood's friends so tried and true—
Sleep, darling, sleep !

The Fairy Godmother then springs down from her perch, and opens the picture-book (which will be explained hereafter), taking care to open the cover and fly-leaf together, and a life-size picture is seen ; after waiting a moment she shuts the plain or fly leaf, which she opens again as soon as the picture has been changed ; and so on, until the effect produced resem-

bles an actual exhibition of a great picture-book by turning over its leaves.

When all the pictures of one story or series have been shown, the Fairy may shut the book, which will be the signal for the curtain to be dropped, or for the folding-doors in front of the sleeping child to be closed. After all the pictures selected for the evening have been shown, the characters, still in costume, are displayed in one group around the room, or stage, in a semicircle, which is opened in the center to allow the opened book, still containing a lovely picture, to be shown also.

After they have remained still in tableau for one moment, the Fairy, who has resumed her place upon the high ericket, waves her cane and sings to some pretty lullaby tune the following verse, in which all join ; during which the little girl wakes, rubs her eyes, jumps off the couch into the center of the room, and makes a bow to each one in order ; they return her civility, and all bow to the audience as the curtain falls.

Wake, darling, wake !
For we our leaves must take,
And go right back to our picture-book,
In which the little ones love to look.
Wake, darling, wake !

Now we must explain how the picture-book is made, as it can be used hundreds of times for all sorts of pictures. By a little change of decoration on the cover, it can serve as a history in which historical pictures can be shown, or it can be made to illustrate miscellaneous selections, or some well-known story. Place a long, solid table against the back wall in the exact center, and procure two boards one inch thick, six inches wide, and just long enough to touch the ceiling when they stand upright, leaning against the table. They must fit well, for they must be firmly fastened to the floor, as well as to each of the front corners of this table. Having found the exact height of the boards, lay them on the floor, and see that they are straight and parallel and just four and a half feet apart. Fasten upon them four strips of board six inches wide and five and a half feet long, one at each end of the boards, one at thirty inches from the

bottom, and one six feet above the last-named. The strips must be fastened firmly with two-inch screws to each board, going through one into the other. Tack white bleached muslin on the upper strip, and draw it tight by tacking it to the strip next below; then fasten another piece from the lowest strip to the strip which is thirty inches above it. Tack both pieces of cloth also to the outer edges of the long boards, and cover all the cloth and the boards which show with white or tinted printing-paper; after this is done you will have an opening six feet high and four and a half feet wide. Then raise the whole until it is upright, and fasten it to the table by means of the second strip, which will lean against it, as most tables are about thirty inches high. If there should not be a chandelier near in front to light it sufficiently, a gas rod with ten burners in it can be placed on the inner side of the upper bar, and fed with an elastic tube, which can be arranged by a plumber at a trifling expense; but unless a very elaborate exhibition is proposed, the ordinary light will probably answer. Shawls or curtains are hung on each side of this frame to the corners of the room, which will allow a passage for the performers, and a chair is placed at each end of the table so that they can step up and down out of the frame, behind which a curtain of dull-green cambric is tacked on the back wall. The performers are to stand in a line behind the side curtains, at the right side of the hidden table, ready to step into the frame the moment the fly-leaf is shut and the former occupants have stepped down.

The fly-leaf must be made by covering a light wooden frame with muslin, on which printing-paper is pasted. It must be as high as the ceiling, and five and a half feet wide, and it is hung on common hinges at the right outer edge of the upright board which forms one side of the frame. Behind these hinges a long strip of board, two inches thick and the height from the floor to the ceiling, is securely nailed, to hold the hinges of the cover, so that it can swing freely apart from the fly-leaf without interfering with its motion; for although the fly-leaf is often opened with the cover, it is closed by itself when the pictures are changing, as the cover is only shut when one set of pictures is ended. The cover is like the fly-leaf, only that it is decorated

with pictures or ornaments at the corners and margin, and if in a large room it might have the title of the story to be shown. These titles can be made on strips of paper eight inches wide and three feet long, with black or colored chalk crayons, and can be changed whenever the curtain is shut. If for the entertainment of little children, the Fairy can tell the stories (which are too well known to require any description here), or she can read any of the stories aloud if she has no gift at story-telling. In the sketches of pictures introduced here the very effective costumes and properties can be furnished in almost any house with very little trouble or expense, and the skill and taste used in preparing them will add much to the enjoyment.

Wigs can be made of black and white curled hair, sewed upon a skull-cap made of four conical pieces. Beards can be contrived by fastening the same articles, or white llama-fringe, on a wire frame, which goes under the chin to each ear, around which it is fastened.

SERIES No. 1. CINDERELLA

In the first picture, Cinderella is crouching in the left corner; her head is bowed, and her face is hid in her hands, as if crying at her disappointment in having to stay at home from the ball. The Fairy Godmother is bending over the prostrate girl, as if about to arouse her from her sad reverie, and is pointing up with her stick, which she holds in her right hand. Cinderella wears a loose brown robe, under which is concealed a white muslin dress, richly trimmed with stars and fringe of gold-paper. The Godmother's dress and stick are described on page 68; the colors of it may be altered if preferred.

Second Picture: The same characters as in the first; same positions, excepting that the Godmother and Cinderella have changed sides. The loose robe

has been pulled off, and Cinderella stands proudly in the center, in a dancing attitude, contemplating with delight her beautiful ball-dress. The Godmother is lifting up a large yellow pumpkin, as if showing Cinderella that her carriage will soon be ready; and a box lies at her feet, to represent the trap in which the horses are stabled, ready for the trip. Cinderella should be a blond young lady, with small hands and feet, and a graceful, slight figure.

Third Picture: The Prince and Cinderella stand as if about to lead the dance, in the attitude of the old-fashioned minuet; his right hand holds hers high, as she holds her dress with the left. Their left feet are extended, and their heads turned toward each other. The dress of the Prince can be made of light-blue sateen, trimmed with puffs of pink on the shoulders and at the sides; he has loose trunks of pink, with light-blue puffs and pink stockings. Two ladies, in court-dresses similar to those described at the foot of page 74, may be introduced, one at each side, to represent other dancers.

Fourth Picture: Cinderella in terror is flying from the ball, her old ragged dress on, and a dingy handkerchief tied loosely over her head.

Fifth Picture: Cinderella is meekly asking the Prince to let her try on the glass slipper, which he holds, standing in the center. At the left, her angry sisters turn away in disgust because they could not succeed in wearing the slipper. The sisters are dressed very showily, but Cinderella still wears her old brown costume, as she stands at the right of the Prince, with downcast eyes and extended hand.

Sixth Picture: Cinderella sits in the center. The

enraptured Prince kneels before her, with the foot wearing the glass slipper resting on a foot-stool; the companion glass slipper she has just drawn from her pocket. The Godmother stands over them, having changed the old brown robe into a ball-dress by her mystic power, and she seems to be waving her stick in triumph; and after this picture has been shown for one minute, the book is closed.

SERIES No. 2. JACK AND THE BEAN-STALK

First Picture: A small boy stands looking up into his mother's face in terror; her right hand is raised above him in anger, as if she intended punishing him for selling the cow to so poor advantage. She wears a black dress with very high pannier over a gray underskirt, a white kerchief over her shoulders, and a high, pointed white cap.

Jack wears red stockings, yellow trunks, a loose red jacket trimmed with yellow points. He holds in his left hand a round red cap, which is partly filled with beans, some of which, being strung separately on fine black silk, seem to be falling out of the cap.

Second Picture: Jack is climbing up the bean-stalk, which is made of a rake-handle or long pole, one end being fixed in the table, and the other out of sight in the picture; a cross-stick on which he stands is made of an old broom-handle, two feet from the bottom of the picture; another cross-stick, five feet higher, he clings to with his hands; and all the sticks are covered with dark-green cambric.

Third Picture: The Giant is seated at a table; before him is the celebrated hen, and behind her sev-

eral golden eggs lie on the table. These are easily made by covering china eggs, or real ones, with gilt paper, while the hen is easily cut out in profile, as only one side is seen, on which feathers are drawn with crayon or stuck with glue. The Giant is partly concealed by the table, upon which he really kneels, and a large cloak covered with red calico and stuffed with pillows makes him very large; and his head is made by covering a bushel basket with unbleached muslin, on which a face is drawn, red carpet-yarn being sewed on the back to represent hair.

Fourth Picture: Jack and his mother sit one at each side of a table, contemplating with wonder the hen and the two bags of gold. The table used in all these scenes is only a board ten inches wide, covered with a white cloth and furnished with rough legs which do not show.

Fifth Picture: Jack is raising his hatchet to cut down the bean-stalk, and by his side is an enormous golden harp, which is made of pasteboard in profile, covered with gilt paper.

SERIES No. 3. BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

First Picture: The merchant is taking leave of his daughters; Beauty is in the center, winding a scarf around the neck of her father, while her proud sisters stand one at each side, with extended hands, as if urging their father to bring them rich and costly attire. Beauty looks down, as if too modest to ask for any gift but a rose.

The sisters wear silk dresses of as brilliant color as they can find, with long trains and square necks—which

are easily contrived by sewing a square of white muslin upon the dress-waists of their mothers' dresses, the skirts of which will do for court trains.

Their hair is rolled over a cushion, powdered, and dressed with feathers or flowers, which can be borrowed from bonnets. Beauty wears a plain loose waist of white muslin over a plain black skirt. Her hair falls loosely.

The father has a square-cut suit—to arrange which, fold the skirts of a sack-coat away in front to form square corners, which, with the lapels, must be faced with white paper-muslin. The vest is covered, and also lengthened a quarter of a yard in front, with the same, and large flap pockets are added.

Pantaloon rolled to the knee do very well for breeches, with long stockings and low shoes, and a felt hat can be pinned into a chapeau by turning up one side and fastening the other corner into a point.

Second Picture: The father is plucking the rose from a bush which stands in the center, covered with paper roses. The Beast, with uplifted club, seems about to destroy the old man, who stands with knees together and hands down, in a comic attitude of despair.

The Beast wears a fur cloak or mat over his shoulders, pinned around his waist and reaching to his knees below the tops of long pink stockings. His arms may be bare, and he wears over his face a mask, which may be bought at a toy-shop, or made of brown paper.

Third Picture: The father introduces his daughter to the Beast, who stands as if bowing low at the right. Beauty is at the left, drawing back and making a

courtesy. She is dressed as before, with the addition of a shawl pinned over her shoulders, and a red handkerchief over her head.

Fourth Picture: Beauty's return home, in which scene she is embracing her old father, who seems in raptures; they are in the center, while the proud sisters stand one at each side, one looking off in anger, and the other gazing with envy at the happy pair. Beauty has a rich silk dress of a style similar to that shown in the first picture.

Fifth Picture: Beauty is asleep in her chair in the center, while her sisters bend over her in triumph, one holding a vial containing the sleeping-draught, of which they have administered a dose in order to make her overstay her time and break her promise to the Beast.

Sixth Picture: Beauty stands weeping over the body of the poor Beast, which is represented by a roll of dark shawls, around which the robe of the Beast is wrapped, as his head and feet would be concealed by the sides of the frame; her face is covered with her hands and she seems overwhelmed with grief.

Seventh Picture: A handsome prince is kneeling at the feet of Beauty, who is overjoyed to find in him her faithful Beast, restored to his form and rank through her fidelity and truth. His dress can be arranged with a lady's velvet basque, with an opera cape across the shoulders, a pair of white satin breeches made of paper-muslin, long white hose, and low shoes with large bows; a sash may cross from the left shoulder to the waist, in case the basque is too small to meet neatly in front.

SHADOW-PANTOMIMES

BY HERMAN H. BIRNEY

YOUNG persons often wish to give an entertainment which will be interesting without involving too much labor in its preparation. Shadow-pantomimes¹ answer this purpose admirably.

There are no speaking-parts to be learned, and any boys and girls can do the required acting. As for objects of scenery and striking points of costume, these can be cut out of cardboard, newspaper, or anything that will cast a shadow; indeed, all the characters, costumes, and surroundings are shown only by their shadows. These are cast upon large translucent screens, or, better still, upon a sheet so suspended as to divide the actors from the spectators.

A double doorway between rooms affords an excellent place for this screen, which should be stretched across as smoothly as possible. If the sheet be wrung out of water before being stretched, it will dry smooth and tight. Where the space requires a larger surface, two or more sheets may be stitched together to form the screen.

Next in importance is the light, which may be anything from a magic lantern down to a tallow candle. One person should be delegated to manage this light behind the screen, and another the lights in front of

¹ See also a shadow-play, "The Modern and Medieval Ballad of Mary Jane," by Henry Baldwin, in this volume.

it; for the spectators' room must be darkened during the performance.

The best way to "drop the curtain" is to obscure the light behind the screen, and at the same time to turn up the lights in the spectators' room.

The light which is to cast the shadows should be at such height and distance behind the screen as will bring the shadows of the actors into the proper places and make them of the desired size. The actors should try to keep as close to the screen and as much in profile as possible; and care should be taken that their arms, and any objects held in their hands, such as pasteboard weapons, canes, baskets, etc., cast distinct, characteristic shadows.

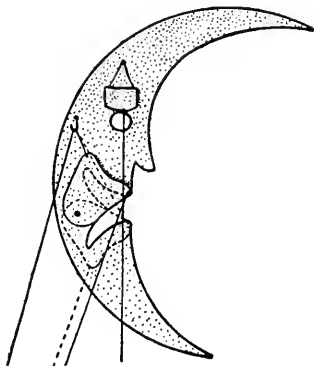
Let us take one performance in detail. Almost any dramatic poem, song, or story may be chosen for shadow-pantomime. It should be clearly sung or recited while the actors perform their dumb-show. I shall give you the well-known tragic story, "The Ballad of the Oysterman," written by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. This has been found easy to represent, and has often proved to be a decided success.

While the words are being very distinctly sung or spoken, the actors do their shadow parts to the best of their ability. The illustrations given with the ballad show some of the more striking situations, but the gestures will be found to add very greatly to their effect. In this, as in all other amusing performances, liveliness of action must be tempered by moderation, and the acting must be in perfect keeping with the story to be represented.

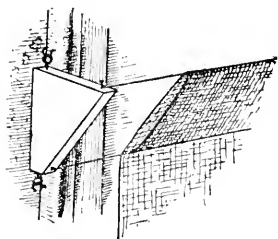
The effect of river-banks may be given by tables, one on each side of the stage, covered with any thick

cloth. Irregularities in the contour of the shores are readily made by various objects placed on the tables under the cloth, and near the screen, so as not to interfere with the actors when they are obliged to stand on the tables. Water is well represented by mosquito-netting—the sort without cross-bars—or coarse tarlatan, reaching from table to table, a few inches behind the screen. If held at the upper corners by hidden assistants, and very gently waved or shaken, the effect is improved.

If it be desired to present the “tragedy” after the most approved style, the water is best arranged as follows: Suppose the screen, on which the shadows are thrown, to be stretched across a wide doorway. Small screw-pointed hooks should be screwed about six inches apart into the edge of the door-jamb, two on each side, at the height intended for the water-level in the first part of the performance, and two more on each side at the water-level for the last verse. A triangular block of wood should now be hung by screw-eyes to these hooks, as shown in the illustration, the base of the block resting solidly against the wall, its apex projecting. Wires should be run from the corners of this block to a similar piece on the opposite side of the doorway. Now the edge of a broad piece of plain mosquito-netting should be sewed or threaded



along the lower wire, and the rest of the netting thrown over the upper wire from behind forward, and allowed to fall to the floor, thus forming a slant-

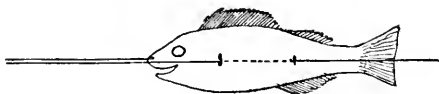


ing double layer of netting above, and a perpendicular single layer below. This arrangement gives, in shadow, the effect of a perspective view of the surface of the water, and a perpendicular section beneath the surface.

It also makes it easy to change quickly the depth of the water for the final scene, by simply raising the blocks from the lower to the upper hooks.

The fish, and other properties cut from pasteboard, may be stationary or movable, as preferred. If fish are to swim, they may be pulled along on strings or fine thread-wire.

The moon is cut from pasteboard, and suspended by strong thread from above the door. The expression of the face can be changed, when desired, by a simple pivoted card, provided with threads for mov-



ing it up and down. The eye may be made to wink—the “eyelid” being held up by a weak rubber-band, which replaces it after a “wink.”

As the first line of the fourth verse is read, the oysterman should leap away from the screen at an

angle, so that his shadow is not seen to cross the river. If the doorway be narrow, the table on which the oysterman stood should now be pulled to one side, and the other table be brought farther out to give more room to those who act upon it.

Before the last verse there is a necessary intermission of a few minutes in order that the scenery may be changed. For this last scene everything should be in perfect readiness to be put in place the moment the "curtain is dropped" in the manner previously suggested.

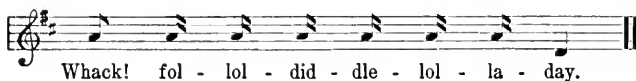
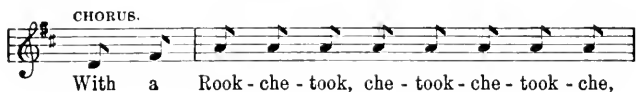
THE BALLAD OF THE OYSTERMAN¹

Words by OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Arranged for Pantomime by H. H. BIRNEY.

I. There was a gay young oys - ter - man lived
by the riv - er - side; His shop it was up -
on the bank, his boat was on the tide.
The daugh - ter of a fish - er - man, she
Ritard was so straight and slim, *Accelerando.* Lived o - ver on the

¹ The words of this ballad are printed by kind permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The music is used by permission of Oliver Ditson & Co., owners of the copyright.



II

I



THERE was a gay young oysterman lived by the river-
side;
His shop it was upon the bank, his boat was on the
tide.

The daughter of a fisherman, she was so straight and
slim,
Lived over on the other shore, right opposite to him.

CHORUS.

III



It was the pensive oysterman who saw the lovely maid,
Upon a moonlight evening, a-sitting in the shade ;

IV



He saw her wave her handkerchief, as much as if to
say,
"I 'm all alone, young oysterman, for daddy 's gone
away."
CHORUS.

V



Then spake the gallant oysterman, and to himself said
he,
“I guess I ’ll leave the boat at home, for fear the folks
might see ;

VI



I ’ve read it in the story-books, that for to kiss his
dear,
Leander swam the Hellespont, and I will swim this
here.”

CHORUS.

VII



Then he has leaped into the flood, and swum the shining stream,
And he has clambered up the bank, all in the moon-light gleam,

VIII



And there were kisses sweet as dew, and words as soft as rain;

IX



But they have heard her father's steps, and in he leaps again.

CHORUS.

X



Out spake the ancient fisherman, "Now, what was that, my daughter?"

"'T was nothing but a pebble, pa, I threw into the water."

XI



“And what is that, pray tell me now, that paddles off so fast?”

“’T is nothing but a porpoise, pa, that’s been a-swimming past.”

CHORUS.

XII

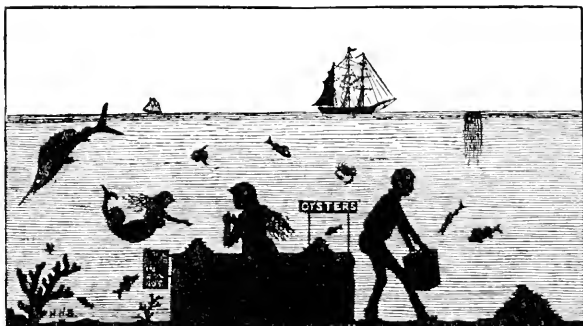


Then spake the ancient fisherman: “Go, bring me my harpoon!

I’ll jump into my fishing-boat, and fix the fellow soon.”

Down fell that lovely innocent, as falls the snow-white
 lamb,
 Her hair dropped round her pallid cheeks like sea-
 weed round a clam. CHORUS.

XIII



Alas for those two loving ones! she waked not from
 her swoond,
 And he was taken with the cramp, and in the stream
 was drowned;
 But fate has metamorphosed them in pity of their
 woe,
 And now they keep an oyster-shop for mermaids
 down below. CHORUS.

THE MAGIC SWORD

BY KATHARINE PYLE

The jars of candy, Noah's Ark, and music-box for the first act are painted scenery, and should be in such proportion to the actors as the real ones would be to the toys—that is, five or six feet in height.

The doll's-house furniture in the second and third scenes should be of the usual size, but copied as closely as possible from toy furniture.

The gestures and movements of the actors should be stiff and mechanical, as toys might be supposed to move.

The BEAR'S costume can be hired at a good costumer's; but if this is not convenient, a suit may be made of brown Canton flannel, sewed into a loose shape, somewhat like that of a little child's night-garment, the sleeves and legs ending in mittens and stockings of the same material. Make a mask of cardboard resembling in shape a blunt cornucopia, cover with Canton flannel, and end it in a hood that draws over the head. Sew ears of flannel on in the proper places. A bearskin rug may be fastened about the body over this costume, and the whole sewed up the back with large stitches that will rip easily.

JACK wears a mask, and in the first scene a harlequin suit and stiff, pointed cap. In the second scene he wears a long, narrow gown of checked calico, and a pointed cap of the same material, mask, and white beard.

ROSALINE has a blond wig; her cheeks are painted very red, and her eyebrows are painted, highly arched. Her costume for the first scene is a slip of white paper-muslin, trimmed with coarse lace, through which are run pink ribbons. In the second she wears a pale-pink slip.

3 OLD DOLLS are dressed in stiff, old-fashioned silk frocks,

cheeks very red, eyebrows arched, and have smoothly banded black wigs.

The TOY SOLDIERS are costumed in imitation of the wooden soldiers that may be bought at any toy-shop.

ACT I

SCENE.—Shelf in Old Mother Candytop's toy-shop. Jars of differently colored stick-candy, a Noah's Ark, and a music-box in the background. Wooden Soldiers are standing in a row. There is a harlequin Jumping-Jack, and against the wall leans a beautiful Doll, wrapped up as high as the arms in brown paper and twine.

A clock strikes twelve. For an instant afterward all remains as it was; then the music-box plays for a short time, the Toy Soldiers present arms, and the Doll turns her head stiffly from side to side, and looks about her.

JUMPING-JACK. Now the mother of the toys is fast asleep in bed; the shop is shut up so that people could not come in to buy if they wished to; and we toys can have things all our own way. Hey, there! you soldiers, what are you about?

TOY CAPTAIN. Don't interrupt us. I must keep my soldiers in good drill, for who knows but that we may be sold almost any day?

JUMPING-JACK. Stupid things! Just as if it would make any difference if you were! You would have to keep just as still if you were in the nursery as you are here.

TOY CAPTAIN. Attention! Present arms! Shoulder arms! Forward, march!

[Toy Soldiers march off.]

JUMPING-JACK. How I hate them all! They are

so stupid! Now I'll make a face at that doll, and scare her.

[Makes a face.

DOLL. [*Covering her face with her hands.*] Oh, oh! There is that dreadful Jumping-Jack again! I hate the sight of him. Please stop making faces at me!

JUMPING-JACK. Then why don't you come and talk with me?

DOLL. You're so wicked that I'm afraid. You made such faces at the plaster cat that it split all down the back, and had to be thrown out on the ash-heap.

JUMPING-JACK. Then you'd better take care, or maybe I'll make faces at you.

DOLL. No, no; you must n't, you wicked toy!

JUMPING-JACK. [*Fiercely.*] Yes, I will—unless you talk with me.

[Enter the Fairy Prince. He is dressed in a tunic of shimmering silk, and wears a sword at his side.

FAIRY PRINCE.

Star gleam,
And moonbeam!

Quick as a flash I slip through the window, and here I am! But what a strange place it is! [*Looking at the Noah's Ark.*] Never before did I see a house like that—no bigger than a fairy's house might be. [*Examining the music-box, which plays for a moment or two.*] And such a queer chest, with music coming from inside of it! [*Sees the Doll.*] Oh, you beautiful fairy! Who are you?

DOLL. I am a doll.

FAIRY PRINCE. A doll! What is a doll? Pray, tell me.

JUMPING-JACK. A poor thing made of wax and cloth and sawdust.

FAIRY PRINCE. O beautiful Doll, come with me to the court of the Fairy Queen, and she will change you into a real fairy; and you shall be named Rosaline; for your cheeks are as pink as rose-leaves, and not a fairy in all the court is so beautiful as you.

DOLL. Indeed, I will gladly go with you.

JUMPING-JACK. Ah, but wait a bit; for I shall have something to say to that first.

FAIRY PRINCE. You?

JUMPING-JACK. Yes, I, the Jumping-Jack of the toy shelf! I have frightened the toy horse till he could not stand; I have made such a face at the toy cat that it split; and if you try to take the Doll away I will make a face at her, too; and then—aha!

FAIRY PRINCE. Then out, my Magic Sword!

[He draws his Magic Sword and points it at the Jumping-Jack.

Magic blade, and hilt of gold,
Work the charm as thou art told!

Let his face be stiff as if made of wood, so that he cannot stretch or twist it!

JUMPING-JACK. Ow! Ow! He has bewitched me so that I cannot move my face at all!

FAIRY PRINCE. And now, beautiful Doll, let us away.

DOLL. Yes, but see! I am so wrapped up in paper and tied about with string that I cannot move.

FAIRY PRINCE. Then come once more, my Magic Sword!

[He cuts through the string, and lays the sword down beside him, while he helps the Doll to unwrap and step from the paper. Then he drops on one knee and takes her hand in his. At this moment the Jumping-Jack creeps up toward them and steals the Magic Sword, hiding it behind him.

FAIRY PRINCE. There! You are free. And now away—away to the court of the Fairy Queen!



JUMPING-JACK. But first let me see if the Magic Sword will not work for me as well as you. [*Pointing it toward them.*]

Magic blade, and hilt of gold,
Work the charm as thou art told!

Let the Doll sleep and forget everything until to-morrow night, when the toys awake again!

DOLL. Oh, I am going to sleep—I feel that I 'm going to sleep! My eyelids weigh like lead. Farewell, Fairy Prince, farewell—farewell!

[She sleeps.

FAIRY PRINCE. [*Springing toward the Jumping-Jack.*] Ah, wretched toy! Give me back my sword.

JUMPING-JACK. [*Pointing the sword at the Prince.*] Stop! [*The Prince stands, unable to move.*] What fate is there bad enough for you? You shall be changed into a mechanical bear; and in that shape you shall wander through the world until you hold the fairy sword in your hand once more, and when that time comes you may turn its shining blade toward me. Ha! ha!

[The Fairy Prince shrinks back in dread; and the Jumping-Jack stands, holding the Magic Sword triumphantly above him, while the music-box plays in the background.

ACT II

SCENE.—The doll-house. The Old Dolls are sitting in a row in three red wooden chairs. The New Doll, Rosaline, sits in the rocking-chair beside the table. At one side of the room stands a large square chest covered with green-and-white-checked paper, and fastened with a hook—like that of the well-known toy jack-in-the-box.

The cuckoo-clock is heard crying the hour of twelve in the nursery outside. There is a moment of silence, and then the Old Dolls rise stiffly, and the New Doll turns her head from side to side, and looks about her.

NEW DOLL. Where am I?

OLD DOLLS. This is the doll-house.

NEW DOLL. And how did I come here?

OLD DOLLS. You were brought here all done up in paper, just as we were long ago; for yesterday was Christmas.

NEW DOLL. And am I to live here always?

OLD DOLLS. Yes, you will live here until you break; and you will be the mistress of the whole house, because you are so beautiful and new.

NEW DOLL. [*Sighing.*] Ah, me!

FIRST OLD DOLL. Why do you sigh?

NEW DOLL. I sigh when I think of the Fairy Prince, and how he, too, told me that I was beautiful.

FIRST OLD DOLL. We have never seen a fairy princee; but we have as neat and tidy a little doll-house as any one would wish to see.

SECOND OLD DOLL. Yes; and look at the little tables and chairs, and the little gilt clock that almost looks real.

NEW DOLL. Yes; it is very lovely. Ah, if the Fairy Princee could but see it!

FIRST DOLL. And look at the sideboard full of little china dishes, pink china ham, and china chicken, and shiny china bread.

NEW DOLL. And what is in that box over yonder?

SECOND DOLL. That we don't know. It was a Christmas present, too, and it does n't belong in the doll-house.

NEW DOLL. Then why was it put here?

SECOND DOLL. That we don't know, either.

NEW DOLL. Let us look in it. It may be that there is something in it that is more beautiful even than all the rest—something such as they do not have even in Fairyland.

OLD DOLLS. [*Anxiously.*] Better not open it.

JACK. [*Sings inside the box.*]

Open the lid! Open the lid!

Here inside of the box I'm hid.

Oh, what a wonderful sight you'll see

If you only will open the lid for me!

NEW DOLL. Whatever it may be inside there, it is asking me to let it out.

OLD DOLLS. *Do not* open it!

JACK. [*Sings inside the box.*]

Everything in the house is thine.

Open, then, beautiful Rosaline!

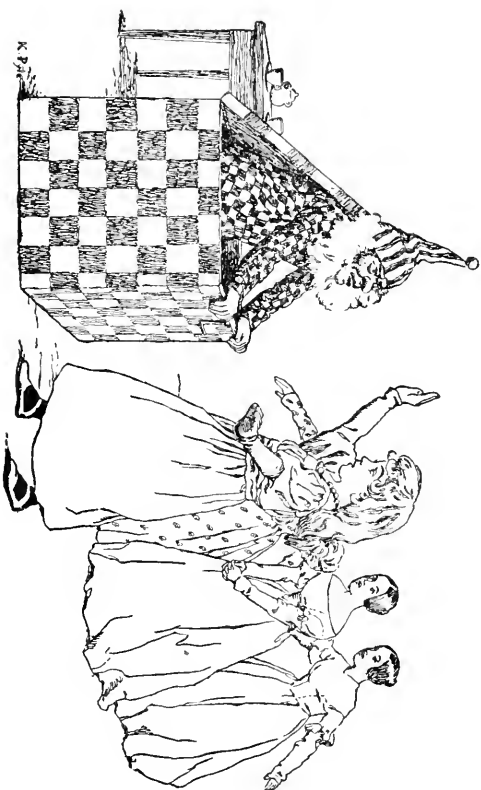
NEW DOLL. Do you hear? Whoever it is is calling me by the name that the Fairy Prince gave me. And now indeed I must open it; for who knows but what it may be the Fairy Prince himself?

[She unhooks the lid. The Jumping-Jack flies up with a squeak. The Dolls shriek.]

JACK. Not the Fairy Prince, beautiful Rosaline; but nevertheless it is one who carries the prince's magic sword. Don't you remember an old friend like me?

NEW DOLL. Alas! I remember you indeed. You are the Jumping-Jack.

JACK. Yes, the Jumping-Jack himself. With the prince's sword I made myself a box, and fastened myself in, and followed you here; and it was only necessary that you should let me out for me to have you in my power once more!



OLD DOLLS. Shut the lid! Oh, shut the lid, and fasten him in once more!

[Jack steps out of the box. He is dressed in a long, tight dress of green-and-white-checked calico, and wears a pointed eap.]

JACK. I can close the lid and fasten it myself. [*Turning to the Doll.*] Ah, lovely Doll, you thought you had escaped me; but it is not so easy to free yourself from Jumping-Jack, ugly and despised though he may be. [*The Dolls hide their faces, trembling.*] Not quite so beautiful here as in the fairy's court, perhaps; but still it will do as a makeshift. And we will live here always, just as the Dolls said and you shall be my servants; for I am still the master of the Magic Sword.

ACT III

SCENE.—The doll-house. Jack is eating at the table. The Dolls are serving him.

JACK. [*Pushing back his chair.*] My spring and whiskers! but that was the best meal I've had for many a long day. A china ham, a china chicken, and a whole china loaf! Here, you lazy Dolls, you may put the dishes away now. [*Stretches and gapes.*] How sleepy I feel! Oh, what a soft sofa! Just the place for a nap; and, Rosaline, you shall sit at my head and sing me to sleep.

[He stretches himself on the sofa. The New Doll sits at his head.]

ROSALINE. [*Sings.*]

The shelf was gay, and the moon was bright,
When I saw the Fairy Prince, one night.

Now sadly I think of him, and weep—
Jumping-Jack, are you yet asleep?

[Jack yawns.

His eyes were as bright as bright could be,
Like the shining balls on the Christmas tree;

But he vanished away while I slumbered deep—
Jumping-Jack, are you yet asleep?

[Jack snores. A soft knocking is heard at the door.

ROSALINE. Hark! Some one is knocking.

[Soft knocking again.

BEAR. [*Singing outside.*]

Black and grim in my hairy hide,
I wander over the nursery wide.
What care I if I sleep or wake?
Ah, if my stitches would but break!

ROSALINE. There is some one singing outside.
Look from the window, and tell me who it is; but step
softly, for the Jack is asleep!

FIRST DOLL. I see nothing but the great nursery
window, and the mantelpiece high up above the house-
top; and I hear nothing but the ticking of the cuckoo-
clock in the nursery outside.

BEAR. [*Sings.*]

The nursery's dark and the nursery's wide,
And my works they grumble and growl inside.
Who would guess, as they look at me,
How bright and slender I used to be?

ROSALINE. There! I hear it again. Look once more, and tell me, do you still see nothing?

SECOND DOLL. I see nothing but the pattern of the nursery carpet, and the two great, black, hollow shoes that the child Ann took off last night.

BEAR. [*Sings.*]

As fair she was as a doll could be;

Her cheeks were red, and she smiled at me.

Would she know me under this hair of mine—

The beautiful waxen Rosaline?

ROSALINE. Now I can bear it no longer! I must see for myself who is singing outside, even if the Jack should waken.

[She goes on tiptoe to the door and opens it.
The Mechanical Bear stands without.

ROSALINE. Ah! What a terrible bear!

[She tries to shut the door, but he slips his hairy paw within so that it will not close.

BEAR. Wait but a moment, beautiful Rosaline.

ROSALINE. What do you want here?

BEAR. Only to come in and rest awhile.

ROSALINE. No, no; that you cannot do; for if my master were to waken and find you here, he would be in a fine rage.

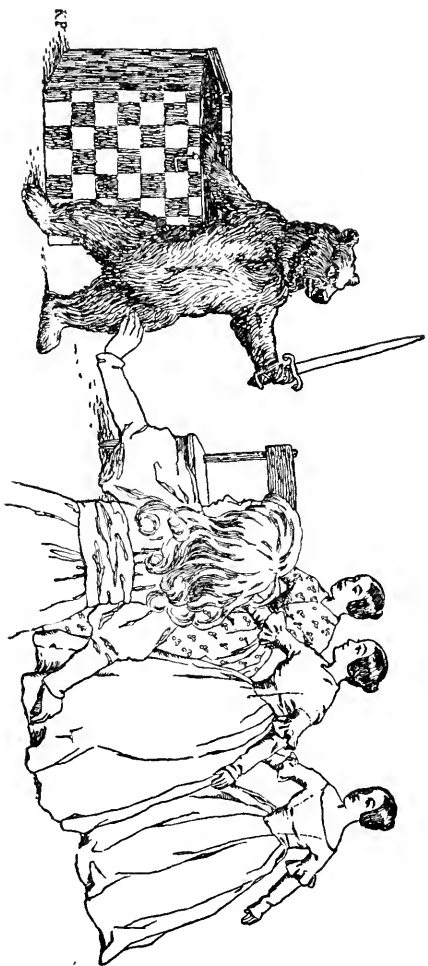
BEAR. But I will step so softly on my padded feet that he will not so much as turn in his sleep.

ROSALINE. Then come in.

[She opens the door, and the Bear enters.

OLD DOLLS. Oh, how ugly he is!

BEAR. Ah, I seemed fine enough to you, Rosaline, when we met on the shelf in the toy-shop!



ROSALINE. Who are you?

BEAR. Alas! have you so soon forgotten the Fairy Prince?

ROSALINE. But you are not the Fairy Prince!

BEAR. Yes, I am he; and it was because of you that the wicked Jumping-Jack turned me into a mechanical bear.

ROSALINE. Alas! alas! that it should be so! But fly, Fairy Prince; for the Jumping Jack is here!

BEAR. Here?

ROSALINE. Yes; he is asleep on yonder sofa.

BEAR. [*Eagerly.*] Then he must have my Magic Sword with him.

ROSALINE. I have not seen it.

BEAR. We must look for it; for if I can only find it, all may yet be well!

ROSALINE. But if he should waken!

BEAR. We will move about very softly.

[They all hunt about.

BEAR. What is in that chest?

ROSALINE. That is the chest the Jack came in.

[Bear works and works at the lock with his hairy paws.

BEAR. Alas! I cannot unhook it with these clumsy paws.

[Rosaline unhooks the box. The Bear throws back the lid, and with a glad cry lifts from it his Magic Sword.

BEAR. My Magic Sword! My Magic Sword! And are you once more mine?

[The Jack begins to stir and waken.

ROSALINE. He is awakening! We are lost!

BEAR. Not yet. Quick! Take the Magic Sword, and rip up the stitches along my back!

ROSALINE. [*Shuddering.*] Ah, I cannot do that!

BEAR. Quick, or we are indeed lost!

[Rosaline takes the sword and cuts the stitches.
The Fairy Prince throws aside the bearskin,
and steps forth. Jack rises, and stands,
staring at him stupidly.]

ALL. The Fairy Prince!

FAIRY PRINCE. And now let us see whether the Magic Sword will still serve me.

[He points it toward the Jack.]

Magic blade, and hilt of gold,
Work the charm as thou art told!

[The Jack springs toward him with a cry, and
then stands as though bewitched.]

FAIRY PRINCE. Henceforth you shall have no power to twist your face. You shall have no home but the chest; and you shall be known, not as the Jumping-Jack, but as the Jack-in-the-box.

JACK. No, no!

FAIRY PRINCE. Now, into the box with you!

[Bewailing and wringing his hands, the Jack
climbs into the box, where he stands stiff
and motionless as plaster.]

FAIRY PRINCE. And now, lovely Rosaline, let us away.

OLD DOLLS. But shall we never see you again?

ROSALINE. Yes, yes; when I am a fairy I will often come to see you. You will see me come slipping in

through the window on a moonbeam, to tell you of the happy life in the fairy world.

[A cock crows.

FAIRY PRINCE. Hark! The cock crows! The housemaid stirs, and the night-moth is looking for a hollow where he may hide.

PRINCE AND ROSALINE. Away—away to Fairyland!

THE FALSE SIR SANTA CLAUS

(A Christmas Masque for Young and Old)

BY E. S. BROOKS

This masque is designed to precede the Christmas tree at a Christmas party. Its action may call for the help of the entire company to assist at the choruses. All the children in the room may, if desired, be massed on the stage, and the chorus of parents may be given by the audience from the seats they occupy, provided they are led by a few ready voices near the piano. No special decoration is needed for the stage. The action should take place near the Christmas tree, which should, if possible, stand behind a curtain, or be screened by the folding-doors, until the end of the masque, when it should be suddenly disclosed with all its blaze and glitter. The "properties" are simple, and none of the costumes need be elaborate, but the setting can be as greatly diversified and elaborated as the inclination and facilities of the managers permit. Let the choruses and speaking parts be rendered with spirit. Much of the text can be sung to familiar airs, which will readily suggest themselves to the musical directors.

CHARACTERS

MR. MONEYBAGS (afterward the False Sir Santa Claus). Hard as his dollars, and "down on children."

SANTA CLAUS. Positively the Only Original article. No connection whatever with the spurious imitation above.

JACK FROST AND HIS WIFE. Firm friends of the Only Original.

JACK O' LANTERN. The pugnacious young page of the False Sir Santa Claus.

THE FAIRY BOUNTIFUL. All glitter and spangles.

RED RIDING-HOOD'S WOLF	}	The False Four. The base and hireling policemen of the False Sir Santa Claus.
THE BIG BUGABOO		
THE WHOOPING-COUGH MAN		
THE WANDERING JEW		
DICK	}	Who do the talking for the rest of the children.
ETHEL		
CURLY-LOCKS		

THE CHORUS OF CHILDREN. THE CHORUS OF INDULGENT PARENTS.

COSTUMES AND PROPERTIES

MR. MONEYBAGS may be a "grown man" or a big boy. May be dressed in street costume at first. When he appears as the FALSE SIR SANTA CLAUS he should wear a full-dress suit of fashionable cut, with opera hat, white kids, big watch-chain, trim white wig, white mustache and side-whiskers—as great a contrast as possible to the conventional Santa Claus.

SANTA CLAUS should be made up, as customary, "in fur from his head to his foot, a bundle of toys flung on his back," etc. Another "grown man" or big boy should be selected for this part.

JACK FROST (boy of fifteen) and his WIFE (girl of thirteen). Pretty ice-and-snow suits of white Canton flannel with swan's-down trimming, sprinkled with silver powder. They carry silver wands.

JACK O' LANTERN. Agile boy of twelve, in tight-fitting fancy or jester's suit.

THE FAIRY BOUNTIFUL. Girl of sixteen. Fancy white dress, wings, and spangles; silver wand.

RED RIDING-HOOD'S WOLF. Boy of sixteen, in fur robe or coat, with wolf's-head mask, and movable jaws, if possible.

THE BIG BUGABOO. Tall youth of sixteen or eighteen, with demon's mask or some ugly face. Dressed in close-fitting red suit.

THE WHOOPING-COUGH MAN. Boy of sixteen, doubled and bent, with basket and crook, whitened face, and light clothes.

THE WANDERING JEW. Big boy in old black suit, shocking bad hat, and bag full of "old clo'es."

DICK. A bright boy of fourteen.

ETHEL. A bright girl of twelve.

CURLY-LOCKS. A pretty little girl of six or eight.

As the curtain rises, the children rush in pell-mell, singing:

Moderato.

Ho! for us;

mf *mp*

Hey! for us; Please clear the way for us,

Please clear the way for us, las - sie and lad.

Here are no wea - ry ones, Here are no drear-y ones,

Christ-mas has come, and we chil-dren are glad;

Christ-mas has come, and we chil-dren are glad.

Christ-mas has come, and we chil-dren are glad.

CHORUS OF INDULGENT PARENTS [*In audience*]

Shout it out! Sing it out! Clear voices ring it out!

Ring out your glee, every lassie and lad.

Under the holly, now, sing and be jolly, now;

Christmas has come and the children are glad!

CHORUS OF CHILDREN

Hurry all! Scurry all! We 're in a flurry all!

We 're in a flurry, with happiness mad.

Gaily we sing to you; welcomes we bring to you;

Christmas has come and we children are glad!

[Enter Mr. Moneybags, account-book in hand.

He shakes his fist at children.

MONEYBAGS.

What a rumpus! What a clatter!

Why, whatever is the matter?

All this rout and shout and riot is distracting to
my brain.

You 've disturbed my computations

With your singing and gyrations,

And you 've mixed my figures up so, I must add
'em all again.

ETHEL. Oh, stupid Mr. Moneybags, where are your
senses, pray, sir?

DICK. Why, don't you know—of course you do!
—that this is Christmas Day, sir?

CURLY-LOCKS. 'T is Christmas, sir—the children's
day!

ETHEL, DICK, AND CURLY-LOCKS. [*Shaking their
fingers.*] And please to understand—

ALL THE CHILDREN. We 're waiting here for Santa Claus to come from Somewhere-land.

CHORUS OF INDULGENT PARENTS

Don't seold them, Mr. Moneybags, for, please to understand,
They 're waiting here for Santa Claus to come from Somewhere-land.

MONEYBAGS. [*Much disgusted.*]

For what? For whom? For Santa Claus?

'T is past my comprehension

That, in this nineteenth century,

Such foolishness finds mention!

For Santa Claus? No bigger fraud

Has ever yet been planned!

There *is n't* any Santa Claus,

Nor any Somewhere-land!

[Consternation among the children.]

ETHEL. [*Indignantly.*] Oh, wicked Mr. Moneybags, how can you be so cruel!

DICK. [*Pathetically.*] Why, Christmas without Santa Claus is weak as watered gruel!

ETHEL AND CURLY-LOCKS. [*Sorrowfully.*] We can't believe you!

DICK. [*Vehemently.*] And we won't!

ETHEL, DICK, AND CURLY-LOCKS. [*With warning finger.*] So please to understand—

ALL THE CHILDREN. [*Vociferously.*] We 're waiting here for Santa Claus to come from Somewhere-land.

CHORUS OF INDULGENT PARENTS

They can't believe you, and they won't, for, please to understand,

They 're waiting here for Santa Claus to come from Somewhereland.

MONEYBAGS. [*Aside.*]

It seems to me it would be wise

To stop this superstition ;

To open these young eyes to fact

Would be a useful mission.

So I 'll devise a little scheme,

And try it, if I 'm able,

To bring these folks to common sense,

And burst this foolish fable.

[*Aloud.*] Well, good-by, youngsters ; now I 'm off !

I really cannot stand

This trash you talk of Santa Claus

Who comes from Somewhereland.

[Exit.

DICK. [*Turning to children, with uplifted hands.*]
No Santa Claus !

CHILDREN. [*Lifting hands in dismay.*] No Santa Claus !

CURLY-LOCKS. [*Tearfully.*] I never did—did you ?

ETHEL. [*To children, hands lifted.*] No Santa Claus !

CHILDREN. [*Lifting hands solemnly.*] No Santa Claus !

ALL. [*In audible tears.*] Boo-hoo, boo-hoo, boo-hoo !

ETHEL. [*Spitefully.*] I just believe he 's telling fibs.

DICK. [*Surlily.*] Of course !

ETHEL. [*Dejectedly.*]

It seems to me

This horrid Mr. Moneybags

Is mean as mean can be !

DICK. [*Decidedly.*] Of course he 's fibbing.

CURLY-LOCKS. [*Indignantly.*] Course he is.

ETHEL. He does it just to tease us.

DICK.

He 's down on children ; so, you see,

He never wants to please us.

CURLY-LOCKS. [*Anxiously.*] Oh, dear ! why does n't Santa come ?

DICK. Let 's wish him here.

CHILDREN. [*Incredulously.*] That 's—quirky.

DICK. [*Stoutly.*]

'T ain't ! Ethel saved a wish-bone up

From last Thanksgiving's turkey.

CHILDREN. All right ! Who 'll pull it ?

ETHEL. [*Producing the wish-bone.*] Dick and I.

DICK. [*Examining it.*] It 's dry enough. Say when, boys. Catch hold here, Ethel—wish !

CHILDREN. Now, pull !

[Dick and Ethel snap the wish-bone.

ETHEL. Dick 's got the lucky end, boys !

CHORUS OF CHILDREN¹

Come to us, come to us, here as we sing ;

Come to us, come to us, Christmas bells ring.

Come to us quickly—nor loiter, nor pause ;

Come to us, come to us, old Santa Claus !

¹ Try, for air, "Nelly Bly."

CHORUS OF INDULGENT PARENTS

Santa Claus! Santa Claus! Jolly old saint;
Hark to them! Hear to them! List to their plaint.
Broken the wish-bone! All wistful they stand—
Come to them, Santa Claus, from Somewhereland!

[A loud clang and clash outside. Enter, with double somersault or long jump, Jack o' Lantern. The children start, amazed.]

JACK O' LANTERN. [*With comic posture.*] Who calls for Santa Claus, I'd like to know?

ETHEL. [*Surveying him curiously.*] We, Mr.—India-rubber!

JACK O' LANTERN. [*Laughing derisively.*] Ho, ho, ho!

[Turns a double somersault, or some other nimble contortion, and, striking a comical attitude, says:]

With a clash and a clang, and a rattlety-bang

And a bumpity-jump rather risky,

With a jounce and a bounce, Santa Claus I announce!

I'm his page, Jack o' Lantern so frisky.

See where he comes; stand all here close at hand,

Enter! Sir Santa Claus of Somewhereland!

[Enter Moneybags as the False Sir Santa Claus, dressed in full-dress suit, as indicated in costume directions. The children start back, surprised at seeing a person so different from their idea of Santa Claus in dress and appearance. Moneybags surveys them through his eye-glass sourly.]

MONEYBAGS. [*Gruffly.*] Heigh-ho, there, you youngsters! Well, how do you do? H'm—what did you say?

ETHEL. [*Timidly.*] Oh, we only said—oo-oo-oo!

MONEYBAGS. Well, why this surprise? Why this staring and stir?

CURLY-LOCKS. [*Showing him her toy book.*] We looked for *that* kind of a Santa Claus, sir.

MONEYBAGS. [*Taking book and examining it critically through eye-glass.*]

Hey? what kind? Oh, that! Ah, permit me to look;

Why, Santa Claus, child, does n't live in a book!

[*Reading quickly.*]

H'm—"little old driver"—pshaw!—"sleigh full of toys"—

"Down the chimney"—that's nonsense, you know, girls and boys.

[*Reading again.*]

"He was dressed all in furs, from his head to his foot,

And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;

A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,

And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.

His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,

And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow;

And the stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,

And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.

He had a broad face—"

Oh, that's nonsense, I say;

I have n't looked that way for many a day!

I dress in the fashion; I'm solemn in speech,

And detest all the folly *that* fable would teach.

I hate to be bothered with children and toys,
And I 'm down on this Christmas Day worry and
noise.

ETHEL. [*Anxiously.*] And your sleigh?—

DICK. [*Dubiously.*] And your reindeer?—

MONEYBAGS.

All sold—long ago.

They were quite out of date—too old-fashioned and
slow.

What with steamships and railways and telegraph-
wires,

And stores overcrowded with sellers and buyers,

And modern improvements in every land,

There 's no use for Santa Claus now—understand?

[*Sings.*]

I 'm a thrifty old merchant who lives at the Pole,

A sleep-loving, ease-loving, saving old soul;

I 'm healthy and wealthy and wise now, because—

I 've done with the nonsense of old Santa Claus! ¹

CHILDREN. [*Singing poastingly.*]

He 's a selfish old merchant who lives at the Pole,

A skinflint old miser, as mean as a mole;

But he 'll never succeed if he tries to pick flaws

In the joys of the children—this old Santa Claus!

INDIGNANT PARENTS. [*Singing snappishly.*]

He 's a heartless old merchant who lives at the Pole;

For his comfort and ease he would barter his soul.

Come away from him, children; don't trust him, be-
cause—

He 's a fraud and a miser—this old Santa Claus!

¹ Try, for air, "The Campbells are Coming."

MONEYBAGS [*Bowing low, in mock humility.*]

Thanks for your compliments, kind friends, indeed;

I 'll not forget your praises;

'T is pleasure rare to hear and heed

Such kind and courtly phrases.

But this I know—you 'll soon, with speed,

Give up these Christmas crazes.

DICK. [*Emphatically.*] Well, is n't this dreadful?

ETHEL. [*Tearfully.*] Oh, dear, I could cry!

MONEYBAGS. [*Threateningly.*]

You 'd better leave that for the "sweet by and by."

If there 's one thing I hate, in this bedlam appalling,

It is to hear children a-screaming and squalling.

So, if you attempt it, I know what to do!

CURLY-LOCKS. [*Anxiously.*] Oh, what does he mean?

ETHEL. I don't know.

ALL THE CHILDREN. [*Vociferously.*] Boo-hoo-hoo!

MONEYBAGS. [*Wrathfully.*]

What, ho, there! Hallo, there! My trusty police,

These children are cranky—this nonsense must cease.

Come in here, my beauties, these children to tell

Sir Santa Claus knows how to manage them well.

[Enter the False Four, one by one. Consternation on the part of the children.]

MONEYBAGS. [*Checking them off as they enter.*]

Here 's Red Riding-hood's Wolf!

Here 's the Big Bugaboo!

Here 's the Whooping-cough Man!

Here 's the Wandering Jew!

Are n't they sweet? What 's the matter? You
quiver and quake so,
One would think you were frightened to see you all
shake so.

DICK. What horrid, ugly people!

ETHEL.

Did you ever, ever see
Such dreadful folks invited to a lovely Christmas
tree?

MONEYBAGS.

Speak up, my gentle serving-men, and tell these
children, now,
What parts you play on Christmas Day—and when
and where and how.

RED RIDING-HOOD'S WOLF. [*Snappishly.*]

I 've great big ears, and I 've great big eyes,

And I 've great big teeth, because—

Oh, yes, you 've heard the story before—

Just look at these beautiful jaws!

[Opening mouth very wide.

THE BIG BUGABOO. [*Solemnly.*]

I 'm the Big Bugaboo! And I live in the dark,
With my grin and my elub. And I wish to remark,
I know all the bad boys, and I 'm looking at *you*!
So, don't you forget I 'm the Big Bugaboo!

THE WHOOPING-COUGH MAN. [*Asthmatically.*]

I 'm the Whooping-eough Man, yes, I am—I am—

I 'm the Whooping-eough Man so breezy;

And the bad boys I fill, yes, I will—I will—

With my choke and my strangle so sneezy.

And the little girls, too, yes, I do—I do—

If I find them at all uneasy,
 Why—I take their breath off
 With the cough—the cough.

I 'm the Whooping-cough Man so wheezy!

THE WANDERING JEW. [*Seductively.*]

“Old clo'es! Old clo'es! Cash paid for old clo'es!”

I sing through the streets of the city,
 And the people they bring every ragged old thing
 When they hear the sweet strains of my ditty.

[*Impressively.*]

But the bad girls and boys, if they make too much
 noise,

Or if words with their betters they bandy,

Why, I ups with their heels,

And I smothers their squeals

In my bag of “old clo'es” so handy!

[More consternation among the children.]

MONEYBAGS. [*Alluringly.*]

They sometimes give boxes at Christmas, you know,
 Instead of the stockings and trees.

A nice Christmas box would be jolly to show—

You each shall have one, if you please.

Come, gather around me, and I will explain.

[The children draw near in anticipation.]

My meaning I 'll make very clear:

[*Ominously.*]

If children are cranky, I don't speak again,

But give them—a box on the ear!

[Tries one on Dick, with bewildering effect.
 The children retire in dismay, and sing dole-
 fully:]

Slowly.

Dis - mal, dole-ful chil - dren, Dole - ful chil-dren

we;..... Gone is all our pleasure, Gone is all our

glee..... Sing-ing turns to sigh-ing; Day is dark be -

cause... He is such an aw - ful, hor - rid San - ta

f

Faster.

Claus... Please to go, please to go, please to go be-cause

Faster.

You're not what we look'd for in old San - ta Claus.

CHORUS OF DISTRESSED PARENTS

Worried, flurried parents, worried parents, we !
Pleasure's sun is clouded, gloomy is our glee.
Christmas ends in crying, hopes are dashed, because—
He is such a horrid, hateful Santa Claus !
Please to go, please to go, please to go, because—
You 're not what they looked for in old Santa Claus !

MONEYBAGS.

What! Go? Ah, no; the children want me badly,
The darling, snarling, doleful little dears;
If I should leave, I know they 'd miss me sadly;
I know they love me, so I 'll spare their tears.
What! Go? Ah, no—not while I 've strength to
stand;
Why, I 'm Sir Santa Claus of Somewhere-land !

THE FALSE FOUR. [*In derisive chorus.*]

What! Go? Ah, no—not while we 've strength to
stand;
Why, he 's Sir Santa Claus of Somewhere-land !

JACK FROST AND HIS WIFE. [*Singing behind scenes.*]

Out from the kingdom of ice and of snow,
Rollicking, frolicking, frisking we go;
Rollicking, frolicking, singing in glee;
Oh, who so merry and cheery as we?
Clear rings our song, all the day long,
All the glad Christmas Day, Christmas Day long.
Shout the gay glories of Christmas so grand;
Shout for old Santa Claus of Somewhere-land !

[Moneybags and the False Four start in surprise at the sound of this singing, and look at each other anxiously.]

MONEYBAGS.

Say, who be these that sing so blithe and free?
Quick, Jack o' Lantern, find this out for me!

JACK O' LANTERN. [*Reluctantly.*]

Excuse me, I beg; I 'm suspicious of dangers,
And it ruffles my nerves, sir, to interview strangers.

JACK FROST AND HIS WIFE. [*Singing nearer.*]

Racing and chasing, from sunset to light,
Painting the windows with traceries bright;
Dancing with sunbeams, all sparkle and life,
Oh, who so gay as Jack Frost and his Wife?
Oh, who so gay, all the glad day,
All the glad Christmas, the glad Christmas Day?
Shout the gay glories of Christmas so grand;
Shout for old Santa Claus of Somewhereland!

[Jack o' Lantern clutches Moneybags by the
arm and drags him to the front.

JACK O' LANTERN. [*Hurriedly and emphatically.*]

Jack Frost and his Wife, sir,
Oh, run for your life, sir!
They 'll stir up a strife, sir,
And interview you.
They 're Santa Claus folks, sir;
Have done with your jokes, sir!
You 'll be pinched and poked, sir—
And frost-bitten, too!

MONEYBAGS. [*Defiantly.*]

Pshaw! Who 's afraid?
Here on my rights I 'll stand!
I am Sir Santa Claus of Somewhereland!

[Enter Jack Frost and his Wife, briskly.

JACK FROST.

How are you, youngsters? Full of fun and life?

I am Jack Frost—

HIS WIFE.

And I 'm his loving wife.

JACK FROST. [*Looking at the children anxiously.*]

What 's the matter? Where are your shouts of glee?

Where 's Santa Claus? And where 's your Christmas tree?

DICK. [*Ruefully.*] There 'll be no tree—

ETHEL. [*Dolefully.*] And Christmas glee is o'er.

CURLY-LOCKS. [*With a great sigh.*] Oh, Mr. Jack! Christmas will come no more.

JACK FROST. Why, who says that, you curly little elf?

CURLY-LOCKS. Oh, don't you know? Old Santa Claus himself!

JACK FROST. [*Looking all around.*] Old Santa here? Where? Not among *that* band!

DICK. [*Pointing to Moneybags.*] There!

MONEYBAGS. [*Pompously.*] I am Sir Santa Claus of Somewhere-land!

JACK FROST.

You? Well, I guess not! You, sir? Oh, no, no!

That 's a good joke! *You* Santa? Ho, ho, ho!

MONEYBAGS. There, that will do! Be off, now! Scatter! Pack!

JACK'S WIFE. We get away? I guess not! Will we, Jack?

JACK FROST. [*Dancing derisively before Moneybags.*] No, not for such a fat old fraud as you!

[*Then to children.*] This False Sir Santa Claus is fooling you!

MONEYBAGS.

Quick, now, my good policemen, clear them out!
I will not have such vagabonds about.

THE FALSE FOUR. [*Closing around Jack and his Wife.*] Move on, now! Come—move on! You're in the way here!

JACK FROST. [*With hand to ear, sarcastically.*] I'm just a little deaf. What's that you say, here?

THE WHOOPING-COUGH MAN. [*Grasping Jack Frost's arm roughly.*] Move on, I say! [*Jack Frost touches him with his wand.*] Ah!

JACK FROST. [*Slyly.*] Well, now what's the matter?

DICK. [*Touching the Whooping-cough Man, who is motionless as a statue.*] He's frozen stiff!

[Jack Frost suddenly touches the Big Bugaboo with his wand.

THE BIG BUGABOO. Oh, how my teeth do chatter!

[He also stands motionless and stiff.

ETHEL. Oh, see there, Dick! Feel him!

DICK. He's frozen, too.

JACK FROST. Jack's magic wand froze the Big Bugaboo!

JACK'S WIFE.

They both are frozen up, too stiff to wink;

They'll let us stay here now awhile, I think!

ETHEL. [*Pointing to Moneybags.*] But is n't he Santa Claus?

JACK FROST. He? Bless you, no!

MONEYBAGS. H'm! how will you prove it?

JACK FROST. That's easy to show.

MONEYBAGS. Well, show it!

JACK FROST. I will, sir! I will—don't you fret!

JACK'S WIFE. Oh, False Sir Santa Claus, we 'll beat you yet!

MONEYBAGS. [*Snapping his fingers contemptuously.*]
What can you do?

JACK FROST.

Oh, quite enough, I think;

We 'll do enough, I know, to make you shrink.

I 'll summon up each fairy, gnome, and elf;

I 'll call—I 'll call old Santa Claus himself!

I 'll tell him—no—for first I 'll stop this strife,

Or *we* will (won't we, dear?)—Jack Frost and Wife!

[They rush with their magic wands to Red Riding-hood's Wolf and the Wandering Jew, who are at once frozen to statues and stand stiff and rigid. Jack o' Lantern runs off.]

DICK. Hey! The Wandering Jew 's frozen stiff as a stake!

ETHEL. So 's Red Riding-hood's Wolf! What nice statues they make!

ALL THE CHILDREN. [*Exultantly.*]

And now, hip, hurrah! Let Jack go, if he can,
For this horrible, terrible Santa Claus man!

[Jack Frost and his Wife, dancing around Moneybags, pinch and poke him, while he wincees and dodges and shivers, and the children jump for joy.]

JACK FROST AND HIS WIFE.

We 'll nip his nose and tweak his toes;

With cold he 'll shake and shiver!

We 'll twinge his ears and freeze his tears

Until he 'll quake and quiver.

We 'll cover him nice with a coat of ice,
 While he 'll shiver and sneeze and stumble;
 No Santa Claus he! A fraud he must be:
 He 's nothing but glitter and grumble.¹

MONEYBAGS. [*Aching with cold.*]

Br-r-r! Oo-oo-oo! I 'm cold! Oh, hold there, hold!

Do save me from this ice man.

Ah, boo—I freeze! My nose! My knees!

Do stop it—there 's a nice man!

[Enter Jack o' Lantern hastily, with a stick
 painted to look like a red-hot iron bar.]

JACK O' LANTERN.

Here 's a red-hot bar I 've brought, sir;
 Heat will thaw you—so it ought, sir;
 Now I 'll try what heat will do, sir.

[Pokes Moneybags with the bar.]

That 's for you!

[Lays it on Jack Frost's back.]

And that 's for you, sir!

MONEYBAGS. [*Jumping with pain, but relieved.*]

Ouch! that 's better—what a pelting!

JACK FROST. [*Growing limp and drooping as the hot
 iron thaws him out.*]

Wifey, quick! I 'm limp and melting!
 Come, with magic wand revolving;
 Here 's your Jacky fast dissolving!

JACK'S WIFE.

Courage, Jacky; here I come, dear;
 My! you 're getting thin and numb, dear.
 There! I 'll stop this in a trice, sir.

[Touching Jack o' Lantern with her wand.]

¹ Try, for air, "Grandfather's Clock."

Jack o' Lantern, turn to ice, sir!

[Jack o' Lantern becomes a frozen statue.
Noise of sleigh-bells heard, and then Santa
Claus is heard shouting, behind scenes.

SANTA CLAUS. [*Outside.*]

Now, Dasher! Now, Dancer! Now, Prancer and
Vixen!

On, Comet! On, Cupid! On, Donder and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall,
Now, dash away! dash away! dash away, all!

[The children listen, amazed and delighted.

CHORUS OF CHILDREN¹

Hark! we hear the jangle, jingle;
Hark! we hear the tangle, tingle;
Hear the jingle and the tingle of the sleigh-bells sweet
and strong.

Welcome, welcome, rings our greeting;
Joyful, joyful, is the meeting;
Sweet the greeting and the meeting, sing the welcome
loud and long.

Jingle, jangle, tingle, tangle,
Christmas joy shall know no pause.
Tangle, tingle, jangle, jingle,
Welcome to you, Santa Claus!

CHORUS OF HAPPY PARENTS

Jingle, jangle, tingle, tangle, etc.

SANTA CLAUS. [*Entering with a rush, shaking snow off.*]
Hello! Merry Christmas! I hope I'm on time!
With the rivers I cross and the mountains I climb,

¹ Try, for air, the "Galop" from "Gustavus."

With the roofs that I scale and the chimneys I drop
down,

By the day *after* Christmas I 'm ready to flop down.
But what if I do get so tired with trotting?

Your joy gives new strength for my planning and
plotting.

My reindeer are fleet, and— Hello! What 's the mat-
ter?

Something 's wrong here—or else *I* 'm as mad as a
hatter!

Why is Mr. Jack Frost, there, so slimpsy and droopy?

Who are these funny statues so cold and so croupy?

Why are not all these little folks happy and hearty?

And—well—bless my stars! Who 's *that* pompous
old party?

MONEYBAGS. [*Advancing.*] I am Sir Santa Claus
of Somewhereland!

SANTA CLAUS. [*Quizzing him.*]

Ho! are you? Well, old fellow, here 's my hand!

So you 're Sir Santa Claus? Well—by the by—

If you are he—why, bless me! who am I?

MONEYBAGS. [*Loftily.*] I have no doubt, sir, you 're
some low impostor.

SANTA CLAUS. Well, come, that 's friendly! I 'll
look up the roster.

But, still,—I *think*,—as far as I am able,

I 've been old Santa Claus since the days of fable.

How is it, little folks? We 'll leave to you

To say which is the False one—which the True?

DICK. [*Decidedly.*] Oh, *you* 're the true one!

CURLY-LOCKS. Certain sure!

SANTA CLAUS. [*Inquiringly.*] Because?—

ETHEL. We know that *he's* the False Sir Santa Claus.

SANTA CLAUS.

Well, well; that 's logic! Then, by your decree,
What shall the sentence of this culprit be?

DICK. [*Vindictively.*] Let 's tar and feather him!

ETHEL. And freeze him, too!

SANTA CLAUS. Well, little Curly-locks, and what say you?

CURLY-LOCKS. [*Reflecting.*]

He 's been so dreadful naughty, I should say
It 's best to make him good again to-day.
If *we* are good to him, why, don't you see,
He 'll have a chance to try and gooder be?

SANTA CLAUS.

Why, bless you for a rosy little saint!

You 've found the cure that 's best for his complaint.

What, Mr. Moneybags, shall your answer be,
Now that you 've heard this little maid's decree?
Do you appreciate the magnanimity
Extended you by this small judge in dimity?

MONEYBAGS. [*Dropping humbly on one knee before Curly-locks.*]

I 'm conquered completely, as you may see,
And I bow to your gentle sentence;
And I humbly beg, on my bended knee,
Your pardon—with true repentance.
I have been *such* a horrible, cross old bear,
With never a soul above dollars;
But I promise you now, if my life you spare,
To be one of your happiest scholars.

Hereafter my days shall have more of glee;
 With the children I'll frolic and roam, ma'am,
 And I'll give one half of my fortune, free,
 To the Destitute Children's Home, ma'am.

SANTA CLAUS. [*Clapping him on the back.*]

Bravo! Now joy-bells ring out clear and free;
 Come with me, children, to the Christmas tree!

[Enter the Fairy Bountiful, with a burst of music. All stand surprised.]

THE FAIRY BOUNTIFUL.

One moment tarry, ere, with wonders sweet,
 The tree shall make your Christmas joys complete.
 One thing remains: List, while I tell to you
 What Fairy Bountiful would have you do.
 In the old days, when Valor, Truth, and Right
 Would fight the Wrong and conquer wicked Might,
 The champion brave his sure reward would see,
 And by his king or queen would knighted be;
 And, as his shoulders felt the royal blade
 Give the glad stroke they called the "accolade,"
 These welcome words came, as his guerdon due:
 "Rise up, Sir So-and-so, good knight and true!"

Without old Santa Claus, the children's fun
 At Christmas-tide could never be begun—
 In their glad hearts the champion he'll stand—
 Their good old friend, who comes from Somewhere-
 land.

Let, then, the title that this False one bore
 Come to the True, with love in goodly store.
 Kneel down, old Santa Claus, while with ready blade
 Sweet Curly-locks shall give the "accolade"!

[Santa Claus kneels before Curly-locks, who touches him lightly on the shoulder with the fairy's wand.]

CURLY-LOCKS.

Good knight and true! Dear to the girls and boys,
Friend of their fun and helper in their joys,
Receive this honor from the children's hand.
Rise up, Sir Santa Claus of Somewhere-land!

SANTA CLAUS. [*Rising.*]

Thanks, thanks to you, Curly-locks gentle and true;
Thanks all, girls and boys, for this honor from
you.

I'll be loyal and leal to your joyous young cause.
Health and wealth to you all! says your friend Santa
Claus.

Now, rally all, rally all, rally with me,
Round the wonders and sights of the bright Christmas
tree.

Give a cheer and a shout and a chorus because—
We have routed and conquered the False Santa
Claus!

During the chorus that follows, in which the parents should join, the curtain or doors should slowly open and disclose the Christmas tree, around which the children, with Santa Claus at their head, should march as they sing:



When the chil-dren are safe in the Land of Nod, All

Scherzo.

sleep-i - ly snug in their plac - es, Then o - ver the

chimney-tops, jol - ly and odd, Old San-ta Claus rushes and

CHORUS.

rac - es; Then ring out and sing out the wel - come we

give, Our love he will al- ways command. Hur-

This system contains the first three staves of music. The vocal line (top staff) begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature. The lyrics 'give, Our love he will al- ways command. Hur-' are written below the staff. The piano accompaniment consists of a right-hand staff (middle) and a left-hand staff (bottom), both with treble and bass clefs respectively, and a key signature of one flat. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand.

rah for San-ta Claus! long may he live At his castle in

This system contains the next three staves of music. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'rah for San-ta Claus! long may he live At his castle in'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern, featuring a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand.

Somewhereland; Hur-rah! Hur-rah! for

This system contains the final three staves of music. The vocal line begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic marking and the lyrics 'Somewhereland; Hur-rah! Hur-rah! for'. The piano accompaniment also begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic marking and continues with the same rhythmic pattern, featuring a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand.

San - ta Claus! long may he live At

This musical system consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major (one flat) with a treble clef. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment in G major with a bass clef. The piano part features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes in the right hand and chords in the left hand. The lyrics 'San - ta Claus! long may he live At' are written below the vocal staff.

his castle in Somewhere-land.

This musical system continues the piece with three staves. The vocal line (top staff) concludes with a double bar line. The piano accompaniment (middle and bottom staves) continues with a similar rhythmic pattern. The lyrics 'his castle in Somewhere-land.' are written below the vocal staff. A forte (*ff*) dynamic marking is placed below the piano part.

While Christmas-tide comes with its laughter and glee,
 Our hearts shall keep green as the holly,
 If there in the circle with smiles we may see
 Old Santa Claus merry and jolly.

CHORUS. Then ring out, etc.

Then round the glad Christmas tree rally with joy;
 Let Love's happy sun shine in gladness.
 Sing it out, every girl, sing it out, every boy;
 Old Santa Claus banishes sadness.

CHORUS. Then ring out, etc.

Distribution of Gifts and General Jollity.

A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY CHRISTMAS

BY CHARLES A. MURDOCK

INTRODUCTORY

The purpose of this entertainment is to reproduce a Christmas scene of Shakspeare's time, both for its own sake and as an attractive setting for the delightful old Christmas carols which never can wear out.

It is especially adapted to a church choral society, or to the older pupils of a Sunday-school or an academy, and it also brings in a good number of the younger children.

It admits of any desired changes as to the music designated, though the quaint old carols should be adhered to. The Waits, if possible, should be a well-trained male quartet.

The costumes should be carefully consistent, and pains must be taken to secure effective grouping of the company. The picture will be finer if the gentlemen generally stand; and the short benches on which most of the ladies may sit should be of varied heights.

SIR TRISTRAM and LADY GERALDINE should occupy antique chairs on a dais at the side of the stage, and the JESTER, while moving freely around, will be in place near their feet.

The company should move about as opportunity offers, rising to sing, and avoiding stiffness and indifference to what is going on.

The "Lord of Misrule" and his followers must be very spirited, making a whirlwind of fun and noise during their brief appearance.

CHARACTERS

SIR TRISTRAM, an English gentleman.

LADY GERALDINE, his wife.

LADY BEATRICE, a guest, who sings.

LITTLE EDITH, the grandchild.

MASTER RIVERS, another tuneful guest.

A JESTER.

GREGORY, a servant.

HUGO, a servant.

Waits, ladies and gentlemen, the "Lord of Misrule"
and his merry band, children, etc.

SCENE.—An old English hall.

Curtain rises, discovering two servants and a jester.

GREGORY. By the mass, this is the merriest Christmas I e'er did see. Didst ever know such goings on? Such eating, and drinking, and frolicking? What a dinner had we the day! and oddsbody, what a pudding was that! They perforce left enough for us to feast withal.

HUGO. Ay, that they did, and right royally. I tell thee, Gregory, we do well to live in these days of good Queen Bess, when there 's plenty to eat and drink. I warrant thee those knavish knights we hear of oft went hungry.

GREGORY. The more fools they. I care not for glory. As the merry play-actor saith, "I am one that am nourished by my victuals, and would fain have meat." Ah, Hugo, that 's a rare play; it maketh one to laugh mightily. The master goeth oft to see it, and he delighteth in that merry Launce. Marry, thou shalt see anon how pat I 'll do 't; the master saith, Christmas or no Christmas, I shall present Lannce and his dog.

HUGO. The feasters soon shall come, I trow. 'T is eight o' the clock. How now, fool? Why art thou



drowsy? Whence these doleful dumps? Awake and give us a taste of thy drollery.

JESTER. Oh, give o'er, I prithee. 'T is sad enough to show folly to the wise. My pearls are not for swine.

HUGO. *Swine!* Thou unmannerly knave! We 'll whack thee soundly an thou mind'st not.

JESTER. Nay; an thou canst not be civil, I 'll take myself away. I 'd fain be still. I 'm grinding at my mill 'gainst the Yule-tide.

GREGORY. What mean'st thou, boy?

JESTER. Dost think we men of mind can forthwith do our task as ye can lift a trencher? Aforetime must we store the jest that seemeth struck like flash of steel. E'en now I 'm sitting on the jokes I 'll hatch anon.

GREGORY. Ho, ho! thou art *rare*, Sir Fool.

JESTER. Then leave me lest I be *well done* with such a scurvy fire as you would give.

GREGORY. My life, but thou art quick. I would I had your wit.

JESTER. Oh, covet it not, good Gregory. Thou art fool enough without it.

HUGO. He hath thee "on the hip," as saith the Jew. Hark! I hear the steps of the gentles. Let us to our posts.

[Enter the Christmas company.]

SIR TRISTRAM. This way, good friends. I pray you be merry and at ease; make our home your own. My sweet wife, here, and my chicks will look to 't that a Christmas in old England shall not see you

want for anything. In our simple English way we bid you welcome to Yule-tide.

LADY GERALDINE. Find seats, dear hearts. We 'd have such a Christmas Eve as would drive all thoughts but happy ones far from you. 'T is a blessed time, for the good will the angels sang of yore gains apace, and in this fair land, far from those lonely heights where the shepherds watched their sheep, we gather to praise Christ's name, and show each to each the love we bear.

SIR T. Ay, she speaketh well. I own 't is true; but I fear me ye may not be *merry*. My wife is *unco guid*, as the canny Scots would say, but

I 'm yet a sinner
Who loveth dinner,
And fain would see you gay;
I fear not folly,
I 'd e'er be jolly,
Nor work when I can play.

JESTER. Oh, nuncle, thou mak'st me weary.

SIR T. How now, gentle Jester, why dost repine?

JESTER. It is my sweet privilege to play the fool, and it likes me not when you begin.

SIR T. You rascally lout, what mean you?

JESTER. Know you not there is a time for all things? The mistress would have us gay, but she hath sense to know that they only can be truly happy who are truly good.

You, my wicked lord, nor I, nor no man
E'er can happy be as noble woman.

WOMEN. Hear, hear! good for the Jester.

MEN. [*Derisively.*] Oh, oh!

SIR T. Ah, you sly dog, you know how to make friends where friends are worth the having.

LADY G. Thank you, boy. None need have fear we shall be too serious. And now, to begin, let us sing "The First Nowel."

SIR T. One moment, an it please you. [*To Jester.*] Boy, come hither! [*Whispers to Jester, who runs out.*] I hope it is no offense, but at the last Yule-tide the words of these same Christmas carols slipped so villainously from our minds that we sang but illy,—and it is no marvel, for we sing them but once the year,—so I bethought me to send to London, and Master Evans hath sent me here the words, in good fair type, that all may read, and, not fearing to slip, may sing right lustily. Boys, give out the songs. Now will we sing "The First Nowel."

[*They sing.*]

JESTER. Nuncle, that is a goodly song. It refresheth my spirits. If you had a soul, I think it would do it good.

SIR T. *If* I had a soul, blockhead! and why have I not?

JESTER. I give it up. I know not why.

SIR T. But what proof hast thou that I have not?

JESTER. Art a philosopher and askest me to prove a negative? It resteth for thee to prove that thou hast.

SIR T. And how can it be done, my pretty knave?

JESTER. Marry— [*Sings.*]

Now, mark me! *do!*
But show a *ray*
Of love for *me*,
It goeth *far*
To prove thy *soul*.
Now, say not *la!*
But let us *see*
Your cake 's not *dough*.

SIR T. Good, fool! By all the saints, this is admirable nonsense. Thou hast earned the cross, and shalt bear it.

[Giving money.]

JESTER. Oh, no; I 'm not musical for nothing. I cannot draw silver music from a heart of flint. Not I, forsooth. 'T is the caitiff wretch that bideth round the corner.

SIR T. Now, let the frolic begin. Ho, Gregory! Hugo! go bid my hinds bring hither the Yule log. [*Exeunt G. and H.*] Now, friends, bethink you that care 's an enemy of life. As saith young Hamlet: "What should a man do but be merry?" Master Shakspeare giveth us another good text in "Richard II": "Be merry, for our time of stay is short." Let us all stand up and shout for Yule-tide joy.

[All stand and hurrah. Ladies wave handkerchiefs. Log brought in.]

Come, bring with a noise,
My merry, merry boys,

The Christmas log to the firing,
 While my good dame she
 Bids ye all be free
 And drink to your health's desiring.

LADY G. Let us raise our voices in the grand old carol, "From Far Away."

SIR T. Ah, goodwife, thou choosest well. I love that same old song.

LADY G. Be seated, all. Frame your minds to mirth and merriment, for now 't is seasonable.

SIR T. Boy, cannot you sing? Too much carol maketh me sad. I fain would have a stirring ditty—or a rollicking ballad.

JESTER. Ah, master, Heaven is not so partial to any mortal as to make him beautiful and wise, and then to gild him with the power of song. I'm no nightingale, nor be I a lark (though perchance at times I aid one—but that is apart).

LADIES. Oh, sing, sweet youth.

JESTER. It ill beseemeth me to say you nay. To decline mayhap were more inglorious than to fail, but i' faith I cannot. I'm coltish to-night.

SIR T. Coltish? What mean'st thou?

JESTER. Why, a little hoarse. An it please you ask Master Rivers to sing. He hath a marvelous fine voice, and knoweth a ballad 't would make ye merry to hear.

LADY G. Thou speakest well. Good Master Rivers, favor us, an thou wilt, with thine antique song.

MASTER R. An it please you, my lady, I'll sing from now till Michaelmas.

JESTER. Oh, not so long, good master. Be brief, if you would win our love.

[Master Rivers sings "The Leather Bottle," from "Pan Pipes." All clap hands and cry "Good!"]



SIR. T. My thanks, good friend. The performance doth thee credit. I would I had thy voice—and thy years. Well, sweet wife, 't is thy choice next.

What wilt thou offer to our guests and the general joy?

LADY G. Good my lord, our little grandchild, Edith, hath a verse. Brief is it, but beautiful. 'T was writ by Master George Herbert, and "Love-joy" calls he it. Come hither, Edith. Now, sweet child, say thy little lines.

EDITH. [*Recites.*]



AS on a window late I cast my
eye,
I saw a vine drop grapes
with J and C
Anneal'd on every bunch.
One standing by
Ask'd what it meant. I (who
am never loath
To spend my judgment) said :
"It seem'd to me
To be the body and the letters both
Of Joy and Charity." "Sir, you have not
missed,"
The man replied. "It figures Jesus Christ."

SIR T. "Sweet invocation of a child, most pretty and most pathological." Now will we have a bit from a bright play. My servant, Gregory, is no Burbage, but he doth something smaek; he hath a kind of taste for the player's art, and will now give you the speech of Launce, from "The Two Gentlemen of Verona." The dog you see not. 'T is "in his mind's eye." Sirrah, stand forth.

[Gregory recites Aet II, Scene 3. Applause.
Singing without: "God Rest Thee, Merry
Gentlemen."

LADY G. 'T is the Waits singing from door to door. When they have done we will bid them enter. [*Waits conclude their carol.*] Good my lord, may we not call them in to share our festivity?



SIR T. Marry, will we. Jester, bid you the minstrels to come in and sing for us again. They discourse most excellent music.

[Waits enter and sing again: "The Boar's
Head Carol," or some carol for male voices.

SIR T. 'T is well; 't is very well. Perchance the Waits are dry. Belike you all may be, for so in sooth am I. Hugo, bring hither the loving-cup.

Break this respectful stillness. You have been staid too long.

[General talk, very brisk and voluble. Loving-cup passed.]

SIR T. [*Resuming seat.*] Now, neighbors all, again let quiet reign. We'll have another Christmas song.

[Waits sing "What Maid was This?" from "Christmas Carols Old and New."]

JESTER. Sir Twistem, methinks that song was e'en as good as the other one.

SIR T. No more, my sweet fool. Thou need'st not think to match thy crossed shilling.

JESTER. Ah, good my lord, think not I care for thy silver; 't was the winning gave me joy. But I love musie; my soul longeth for it. I suck sweet melancholy from a song as thou suckest a dull brain from thy potations.



SIR T. Sirrah, thou abusest thy privilege. I care not for ale, nor is my brain befogged.

JESTER. Then, speaking of silver, canst thou tell me why a boxed rat is like a man becoming short of money?

SIR T. Beshrew me, boy, I cannot answer.

JESTER. Because, look you, it will be *a-gnawing* to get out.

SIR T. Go to! *annoying*. A villainous jest, i' faith.

JESTER. Nunele, where hadst thou this fine ale?

SIR T. Of Master Davenant at the Crown Inn, sirrah.

JESTER. Of Master Davenant! Then why is the Crown Inn like Jacob's Well?

SIR T. I know not that, either.

JESTER. Because, hark ye, *he brews drink* there.

SIR T. *Go to*, thou art too subtle for me. *He brews drink!* 'T is passing good! [*Wipes tears.*] *Hebrews drink*—to be sure. I wonder not that the melancholy Jacques would fain wear motley. By the way—that same sad man reminds me— [*Addresses Waits.*] My good friends, could ye sing for us that fine song the huntsmen sing in the forests of Arden, as 't is done at the Curtain Theater?

WAITS. Ay, good my lord, that can we.

SIR T. We must have a little spice withal, or the carols will pall upon our taste.

[Waits sing "What Shall He Have who Kills the Deer?" from the Boosey collection. The bystanders in the scene applaud.]

LADY G. Lady Beatrice, wilt thou not sing for us that quaint old ballad that I love so well?

LADY B. If it is thy pleasure, I cannot decline.

[Lady B. sings "O Mistress Mine" or "Philida Flouts Me," from "Pau Pipes." Noise without.]

LADY G. Good my lord, what noise is this without?

SIR T. It must e'en be those merry roisterers who follow the Lord of Misrule. Fear them not; they are but somewhat rude. They 'll do no ill. Some

there are, poor souls, who know no way to show their joy but by making a monstrous noise.

[Enter the Lord of the Misrule and followers, with music, hobby-horse, etc. They dance and distribute papers, for which they receive pennies. A poor child comes with a Christmas box.

LADY G. Ah! dear little mouse. Bring hither thy Christmas box. Soon may 't be full.

[Roisterers exeunt.

JESTER. [*Yawning.*] I have an exposition of sleep come upon me, nuncle. Is to-day to-morrow or yesterday? If too full we fill one day, 't will spill and spoil the next. I fain would niggard with a little rest. Christmas joys are well, but

A surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings.

SIR T. Thou art not altogether a fool. The time draws near, "so I regret the daintiest last to make the end most sweet." Dear heart, what shall be the final act in this our Yule-tide play?

LADY G. Glad are our hearts. Peace, plenty, and joy smile upon all. Let our last act on the birthday of our Lord be the union of our voices in praising his name. Let us sing "Gloria in Exeelsis."

[All sing.

NOTE.—Almost all the songs named in the text can be obtained by ordering through music-dealers, and most of the waits and carols are to be found in the "English Melodies" and "Sacred Series" of the collection called the "Choralist." Of course, when necessary, other old songs and carols may be substituted at will for those mentioned here.

CHRISTMAS EVE AT MOTHER HUBBARD'S

(A Christmas Play for School or Parlor Entertainment)

By S. J. D.

CHARACTERS

LITTLE MISS MUFFET.	JILL.
LITTLE JACK HORNER.	MISTRESS MARY.
LITTLE BOY BLUE.	SIMPLE SIMON.
LITTLE BO-PEEP.	OLD MOTHER HUBBARD.
JACK.	SANTA CLAUS.

SCENE.—A room at Mother Hubbard's; two doors, one supposed to open to the outer air, the other to lead into another part of the house; also a cupboard with closed door.

Little Miss Muffet and Jack Horner disclosed, seated, as the curtain rises.

MISS MUFFET. Can you tell me, Jack Horner, why so many of us have been asked to come here to Old Mother Hubbard's to-night? What does she want of us? What is she going to have us do?

JACK HORNER. Do? Why, I thought it was a sort of a party, perhaps—forfeits, and dancing, and stage-coach, and so on. And afterward—well, I have been wondering whether we shall have ice-cream and cake, or nuts and raisins and apples. [*Rising and walking*

about discontentedly.] I declare, it 's a shame, Miss Muffet. Do you know I am not to have any Christmas pie this year?

MISS MUFFET. Why not?

JACK HORNER. Oh, well, you know that old trick of mine about the plums; my folks thought it bad manners, and so I am to go without my pie. [*Sits down again moodily.*] And what 's Jack Horner without a Christmas pie?

MISS MUFFET. Well, I have n't any curds or whey, either; but it was a *very* old-fashioned dish, and doing without it does away with the spider, so I am very well pleased. Boys are so queer—always hungry, always thinking of something to eat!

JACK HORNER. And girls are so *very* queer—afraid of spiders, shrieking at a mouse! When a fellow is asked out of an evening, I don't think it at all queer he should expect a little something in the way of refreshments.

MISS MUFFET. But this is n't to be a party. We were asked here to help about something. And then, to expect ice-cream at Mother Hubbard's! Why, she can't. It is n't nice to speak of it, but you know that pitiful story about her dog.

JACK HORNER. Oh, well, there are better times now. Yes, I know the old story. And that 's the very cupboard over there. [*Rising, with curiosity.*] I've a good mind to just go peep into that cupboard and see if it really is bare.

MISS MUFFET. [*Speaking as he tiptoes across the room.*] What sort of manners do you call it, Jack Horner, to go prying into other folks' cupboards?

[As Jack lays his hand on the cupboard door a horn is heard without, and he jumps back guiltily.

MISS MUFFET. Who 's afraid *now*, I 'd like to know?

JACK HORNER. Who can it be?

[The horn sounds again, and Little Boy Blue enters.

BOY BLUE. Hallo! here are two of you before me—old friends, of course; but I have n't met any Mother Goose people in so long a time that I 'm afraid I sha'n't know you all. Now, who are you, ma'am, if I may be allowed to ask?

MISS MUFFET. *I am Little Miss Muffet.*

BOY BLUE. Oh, yes—who sat on a tuffet. Well, then, now 's my chance to ask you about something that has always puzzled me tremendously. *What is a tuffet?*

MISS MUFFET. [*Jumping up from her stool and placing it before him.*] *That is a tuffet!*

BOY BLUE. That? Why, that 's nothing but a little footstool! What makes them call it a tuffet?

MISS MUFFET. Because "tuffet" rhymes with "Muffet," stupid, and "footstool" does n't!

JACK HORNER. No, nor hassock, nor ottoman. To be puzzled over an easy thing like that! Where are your wits, Boy Blue? Are they under the haymow, fast asleep?

BOY BLUE. [*Good-naturedly.*] Well, Jack, my boy, you will be pretending next that you are always sitting about in a corner so as to make yourself rhyme

with "Horner." Now, is n't it because you are just a *little* bit lazy, and a *little* bit afraid of the weather?

JACK HORNER. [*Jumping up testily.*] See here, Boy Blue, I don't like that!

MISS MUFFET. Oh, dear! if you boys go to quarreling and fussing, it will spoil our whole evening.

[Bo-peep knocks at the door with her crook, and then enters.

BOY BLUE. [*Advancing with a smile.*] I called for you, Bo-peep, and you had already gone.

BO-PEEP. Yes; I stopped for Jill, but she and Jack could n't start for a little while yet, and I came on alone.

JACK HORNER. Won't you take my chair, Miss Bo-peep? Was it snowing when you came in?

BO-PEEP. Oh, it is glorious winter weather. How I do love the frost and cold! It makes me feel ready for anything! Where's Mother Hubbard?

MISS MUFFET. She was called away just after Jack Horner and I came, and she has n't been in the room since. Why do you carry your crook in winter, Bo-peep?

BO-PEEP. I like to have it when I'm skating; and then, it's pleasant to carry it—it reminds me of the summer-time.

JACK HORNER. Then you like the summer better than winter? So do I.

BO-PEEP. Well, I like the autumn better still; and springtime—that's the best of all.

BOY BLUE. You and I love all the seasons, Bo-peep, because we live so much outdoors. We know them

all so well, and all their good times. As I was coming along through the snow just now, I found myself humming that "May Song" of yours.

MISS MUFFET. Oh, Bo-peep, sing it for us, won't you?

BO-PEEP. Why, I will, if Boy Blue does his part, too.

BOY BLUE. All right. You begin.

MAY SONG ¹

BO-PEEP.

Light is the heart of the young country lass

When May smiles "good day" through the wicket;

Blossoms a-bloom in the tender green grass,

Birds all a-tune in the thicket.

Up and away at the first ray of morn,

Out where the sunbeams are playing!

Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn,

For we would be early a-Maying—

(*Horn*) Tra-la-la, tra-la-la, tra-la-la, tra-la-la!

For we would be early a-Maying—

(*Horn*) Tra-la-la, tra-la-la, tra-la-la-la!

BOY BLUE.

Gay is the lot of the young country lad

When decked is the May-pole for dancing,

Fiddlers all there and a-fiddling like mad,

Every one skipping and prancing.

Hie! what a feast we shall have on the green,

Candy and cake and no paying.

BO-PEEP.

Oh, me, one would be like a king or a queen

If one could be always a-Maying!

Tra-la-la, etc.

¹ For music, see "St. Nicholas Songs," page 172.

But lassies and laddies must work, it is true ;

All is not pleasure and funning.

There 's baking and churning

BOY BLUE. and plowing to do,

BO-PEEP.

And errands to keep one a-running.

BOY BLUE.

Cows to be tended and kept from the corn ;

BO-PEEP.

Sheep that forever are straying :

So at sunrise, Boy Blue, come blow us your horn ;

We 'll to work, and have time left for playing—

(Horn) Tra-la-la, tra-la-la, tra-la-la, tra-la-la !

There 'll be plenty of time left for playing—

(Horn) Tra-la-la, tra-la-la, tra-la-la-la !

[At the close of the song a heavy fall and a commotion are heard outside.

MISS MUFFET. [*Running to the door.*] What can be the matter ?

[Jack and Jill enter, the former hobbling, and holding his head with a wry face.

BO-PEEP. Why, it 's Jack, and you too, Jill ! How 's this ? Have you had another tumble ?

JILL. Oh, Jack had to go and fall on a little slippery place near the door. Trust Jack for finding the slippery places !

JACK. Well, Mother Hubbard asked me to *drop in* this evening, and I was trying to oblige her. Only I dropped too soon. I was n't quite *in*. Whew ! did n't I give my head a crack, though !

JILL. Jack wants to join a baseball nine, but I

tell him he 's too good a tumbler to make a good pitcher.

JACK HORNER. [*Trying to look important.*] Pooh, pooh! Baseball, indeed! That 's out of date, and lawn-tennis, too. Golf 's your game! Golf 's the game for me!

BOY BLUE. [*Patting him on the back.*] There, there, sonny! you 'll grow up to them all. Croquet and ring-toss are better for you, at your age!

JACK. Well, Jill will have her joke. And it 's better to laugh than cry, say I.

JILL. Sing them that song you composed about all your tumbles. It will make you forget your headache.

JACK. Oh, it 's too long. It has forty-eight verses, each about a separate accident, and then three or four in which I give a sort of summing up and a moral.

BOY BLUE. [*Hastily.*] Just give us the summing up. Never mind about the other forty-eight verses.

JACK'S SONG¹

If I 'm walking on a level
Where you 'd think that I might revel
In the comfort and the safety of the way,
Then I 'm bound to stub my toe,
And the first thing that you know,
Jack is on his baek again, alackaday!

¹ For music, see "St. Nicholas Songs," page 128, "There was a little girl," etc. Use first verse of music for first and second verses of song, and last verse of music for third verse of song.

Oh, I 've broken both my shoulders,
 And the very smallest boulders
 Are enough to twist my ankles all awry;
 Where the others dancee and skip
 I am always sure to trip,
 Dislocate my collar-bone and bruise my thigh!

But it does n't so much matter
 Just how many bones I shatter,
 Nor how oft the nickname "Buttertoes" I 've heard;
 For our Jill says (bless her soul!)
 That I keep my temper whole,
 And I never twist the truth or break my word!

BO-PEEP. Well, Jack, I like that song. It 's just fine!

BOY BLUE. So say I!

JACK. [*Rubbing his head ruefully.*] Singing it did n't improve my head any.

MISS MUFFET. Poor boy! Let me take you to find Mother Hubbard, and she will have you lie down a little while, and give Jill something to bathe the sore spot.

[The three go out, leaving inner door open. A gentle knock, and Mistress Mary enters at other door. Bo-peep is facing the door, and the newcomer holds her hands out toward her with a smile. Bo-peep takes them.

BO-PEEP. I feel as if you must be an old and dear friend, and yet I cannot tell your name.

MISTRESS MARY. Why, I am Mistress Mary the kindergartner. And if you would like to know how

my garden grows, I shall be delighted to tell you all about it.

JACK HORNER. [*Surprised.*] You Mistress Mary? And you look so pleasant and so cheery! I thought they used to say you were—well, sort of—oh, you know—

BOY BLUE. Contrary? Why, Jack, my fine fellow, where are your wits? That is just to rhyme with "Mary." "Contrary" rhymes with Mary, and "pleasant" does n't, nor "charming."

MISTRESS MARY. No; they really thought me contrary, and very, very queer—"cranky," I think they would call it nowadays. But that was only because they did n't understand the Fröbel system. They were n't familiar with the "gifts and occupations," and they could n't see what silver bells or cockle-shells or balls or cubes or cylinders had to do with the training of the little maids in my kindergarten. By the way, they did n't stand in a row at all, my little maids, but in a circle, as they do to-day.

BOY BLUE. But if I may make bold to ask, what *have* silver bells and cockle-shells to do with schooling?

MISTRESS MARY. I can tell you best in a little song we have made about them, if you would like to have me sing it to you.

BO-PEEP. Please do. That will be delightful.

MISTRESS MARY'S SONG¹

Now list while I tell
Of the small silver bell

¹ For music, see "St. Nicholas Songs," page 110, "The Singaway Bird."

That rings in the year's early morning;
 The first flower we see,
 It's a-quiver with glee
 As it gives to the others their warning:
 "Ting-ting, it is spring, ting-a-ling!
 Ting-ting, ting-a-ling, it is spring!"
 Up come the flowers at the jubilant knell
 Of this small rising-bell—silver bell.

And this fair cockle-shell,
 Once so happy to dwell
 At the edge of the murmuring billow,
 It will sound at your ear,
 In a voice that you hear
 As through dreams on a wave-cradled pillow:
 "List! list! the sea murmuring.
 List! list! the sea whispering."
 It has tales that are wondrous to tell
 In its dream-talk, this fair cockle-shell.

So the bell from the lea
 And the shell from the sea
 Hold marvels we fain would be knowing;
 And they tell each in turn
 What 't is lovely to learn,
 Little maids, in my child garden growing.
 "Ting-ting! hear me ring—ting-a-ling!"
 "List, list, to the sea whispering!"
 Whisper, fair shell; ring for us, silver bell;
 For your message is fair—fair to hear, fair to tell!

BOY BLUE. I think I would n't mind belonging to
 your school myself.

BO-PEEP. I would join it in a minute if I was n't so big.

JACK HORNER. Here comes Mother Hubbard, and who 's that with her?

BOY BLUE. Why, it 's Simple Simon! There 's a scholar for you, Mistress Mary! Even you could not drum any wisdom into him.

MISTRESS MARY. If I had had him young enough, I could have done it.

[Simon enters shuffling and sheepishly.

MISTRESS MARY. Good evening, Simon.

BO-PEEP. Was n't Mother Hubbard with you in the passage?

SIMPLE SIMON. She was—she was—she assuredly was. But just at the door here she heard the telusphone-bell ring, and so she ran away again—ran—away again.

JACK HORNER. And how did you get into the house without our seeing you?

SIMPLE SIMON. I don't know. I must have mistook the baek door for the front. I reckon—'pears to me—

BOY BLUE. *I* believe you saw some pies through the kitchen window, and just *went* for them.

JACK HORNER. Pies? Pies? Say, I want one! Has Simon got them?

SIMPLE SIMON. Indeed, I have n't any.

BOY BLUE. So we 've heard before.

MISTRESS MARY. Now, boys, don't tease Simon; and, Jack, don't be so greedy. What I want to ask Simon is this: Has Mother Hubbard told you what we are all to do for her here to-night?

SIMPLE SIMON. No, she has not—assuredly not. She said to me: "Simon, you 've come in the wrong

door." And I says: "Yes, ma'am; thank you kindly, ma'am." And she says: "Come, Simon; I'll show you where the others are. I'm ready to go to them now, poor things!" And then in the hall she heard the telusphone-bell, and she said: "Oh, deary me! Get them to sing another song, Simon. You sing a song with them, Simon; and I'll be there in a minute—in a minute."

ALL. A song! Simon will sing a song!

BOY BLUE. Yes; and we'll join in.

SIMON'S SONG

If I had a penny,—
A single little penny,—
I would go at once and buy a pie—buy a pie.
But I've just got a nickel—

OTHERS. [*Jestingly.*]

Well, you *are* in a pickle!

SIMON. [*Seriously.*]

Yes, a nickel's not the price of a pie.

OTHERS.

From your nickel take a penny,
And buy one pie or many.

SIMON.

Oh, no, no! 't is a sum too hard and high!

I never learned subtraction,

And before I'd solve a fraction

I'd go for weeks without a taste of pie—oh, my!

OTHERS. [*Laughing.*]

Ho, ho ! but this is funny ;

You 'll never spend your money

Unless you have a piece that 's just the price !

SIMON. [*Triumphantly.*]

Yes, I 've a plan, my sages :

I 'll ask for penny wages !

And that 'll be so handy and so nice—so very nice !

[Mother Hubbard enters at last, followed by
Jack, Jill, and Little Miss Muffet.]

MOTHER HUBBARD. Well, boys and girls, how do you do ? It is just too bad I have had to keep you waiting so long. But I heard you singing, and knew you were having a good time ; and when I heard Mistress Mary's sweet voice I felt quite easy, for I was sure she would n't let you get into any mischief.

BOY BLUE. We have been amusing ourselves very well, Mother Hubbard.

BO-PEEP. Yes ; but we are *dying* to know why you have asked us all to meet here to-night.

MOTHER HUBBARD. Can't any of you guess ? Jack Horner, now, he 's a keen lad. What does he think ?

JACK HORNER. [*Dubiously.*] It is n't—it could n't—it has n't anything to do with ean—candy, has it ?

MOTHER HUBBARD. Oh, ho ! So that 's the way your mind runs, is it ? [*She looks at him sharply, and then at the cupboard, toward which she goes a step or two.*] There has n't any one been peeping into my cupboard, has there ?

JACK HORNER. [*Slipping behind Mistress Mary.*] I —I have n't! It's locked!

MISTRESS MARY. [*Laughing and patting Jack's head.*] You know we would n't expect to find anything *there*, Mother Hubbard!

MOTHER HUBBARD. You would n't, eh? Well, there's something better than bones in that closet to-night. Children, what night is this?

[They look at each other.

MISS MUFFET. Christmas Eve!

ALL. [*Echoing Miss Muffet.*] Christmas Eve!

MOTHER HUBBARD. And who is it comes visiting about on Christmas Eve?

[All look at each other again.

BOY BLUE. Santa Claus!

ALL. [*Echoing Boy Blue.*] Santa Claus!

MOTHER HUBBARD. Exactly so. And now let me tell you he will be here, in this house, in this room, in a very few minutes. (*Sensation.*) There has been some delay, and I have been telephoning and telegraphing to him all the evening. At six o'clock he left the North Pole, at seven he was rushing along through Canada, at eight he had visited all the northern United States, and by this time he is coming straight for this house.

BOY BLUE. But I thought he did n't let any one see him on his trips.

MOTHER HUBBARD. No, not ordinary people, my boy; but Mother Goose people are not ordinary people; and, besides, you have all been asked to come here to help him.

BO-PEEP. To help him? Help Santa Claus? How could *we* help Santa Claus?

MOTHER HUBBARD. That he will tell you himself when he comes. Hark! did I hear bells?

MISTRESS MARY. I hear nothing yet. Let us sing a song of welcome to help bring him.

ALL. [*Sing.*]

Santa Claus is coming!
 Joyful is the cry.
 Spread by happy voices,
 How the tidings fly!
 All the air is humming
 With the glad refrain,
 Santa Claus is coming!
 Shout it once again!

[A faint sound of sleigh-bells grows nearer and nearer. A voice is heard without, above the bells: "Whoa, there, Donner! Hold up, Blitzen! Whoa, Dancer! Whoa, Prancer! Here we are!" Santa Claus enters.]

SANTA CLAUS. Yes, here we are at old Mother Hubbard's; and here are all the lads and lassies come to meet us!

MISTRESS MARY. And to help you, Santa Claus. Mother Hubbard says we can help you.

SANTA CLAUS. And so you can—so you can. Bless your sweet face! Now, here 's a likely lad. [*Laying hold of Jack, who has kept close to Mistress Mary.*]

He can help, I know. And what would you like for Christmas, my fine fellow?

JACK HORNER. A large Christmas pie, sir, very full of plums.

SANTA CLAUS. Ho, ho! A modest wish, surely, for one of your size! But, boys and girls, *your* presents are to come last. You shall have them all in good time, but first comes what you are to do for me. And now I want you all to come near and listen very seriously, for I am going to tell you a sad, sad thing.

[All gather about him with breathless attention.
Santa Claus surveys them with a mournful shake of the head.]

SANTA CLAUS. [*Solemnly, bending toward them.*] Santa Claus is growing old!

[They start back, surprised, and look at each other doubtfully a moment.]

BOY BLUE. [*Bluntly.*] Why, Santa Claus, we thought you always *were* old.

SANTA CLAUS. [*Feigning indignation.*] Hey? what d' ye say? Always old, indeed! Who would have thought of such impertinence!

BO-PEEP. [*Defending Boy Blue.*] I am sure your hair and beard have always been as white as they are now.

SANTA CLAUS. And what of that? My hair turned white when I was a mere stripling, just with the care and brain-fag of inventing new Christmas toys every year for all you boys and girls. But lately I have felt I am really growing old, because—now, don't go

telling this to everybody—because I am not so spry as I used to be. It takes me a few minutes longer every year to make my rounds—which is *most* mortifying to my pride.

BOY BLUE. But there are more children and chimneys than there used to be, Santa Claus.

BO-PEEP. And so many more toys for you to carry.

SANTA CLAUS. [*Delighted.*] Why, bless your hearts, so there are! The lad is a well-spoken lad, after all. He 'll not be caught napping under a haymow or anywhere else again, I warrant you. And this little lady does n't go wool-gathering nowadays, I 'll be bound. Yes, there *are* more chimneys, and a heavier pack means a stronger back; and both my back and legs get a little shaky now at Christmas. Last year it took me the whole of January, tucked up in bed, to get over my jaunt on Christmas Eve. And so, boys and girls, I have sent for you this year to help me do my work.

ALL. How? How?

BOY BLUE. Won't it be fun? Hurrah!

BO-PEEP. [*Hurriedly.*] What shall we do first? Where shall we begin?

SANTA CLAUS. Softly, softly. No hurry, no excitement! I have been all through the North, visited the Eskimos and the Frozen Northites—

JACK. Oh, Santa Claus, *do* tell us! *Who* lives at the North Pole, and how do you get there? There are so many people who want to know!

SANTA CLAUS. Oh, yes; I know all about your Pearys and your Nansens and your Andréés, and all

who have tried to find the Pole since the days Kane was not able. Brave men they, but deluded—deluded. Now, you can just tell any one who would really like to know [*the boys have drawn near, attentively*] that *I* live at the North Pole, and *I never gossip about my neighbors!* And as for the way to get there, the only way to be *sure* of reaching the Pole is [*close attention again from the boys*] to go behind a team of reindeer *just* like mine; and *mine* are *not* for sale! [*Crestfallen looks, while Santa Claus wags his head triumphantly.*] Now, what I was about to say was this: you boys and girls are to go with me the rest of the way to-night, and help me distribute my pack—be so many feet and fingers for me.

ALL. What fun! Hurrah!

JACK. How will you take us all?

SANTA CLAUS. In my sleigh. Where there's room for a million or more of Christmas gifts a few boys and girls won't count.

BOY BLUE. Hurrah! Where shall we go first?

SANTA CLAUS. We must finish the United States. There are all the coast towns to do, and a perfect grist of Sunday-schools in every one of them. We'll do those first. And I have laid up a special little store of presents for them here at Mother Hubbard's. Now, Mother Hubbard, if you have the key we will take a look into that cupboard of yours.

MOTHER HUBBARD. [*Advancing proudly and smilingly, key in hand.*] Yes, the presents are in my cupboard, children. It is bare no longer. [*Throws open the door, and shows the shelves filled with parcels.*] What do you think of that?

SANTA CLAUS. Yes, what do you say to that? I say it 's worth a song.

JACK AND JILL. A song! A song!

MISTRESS MARY. A song for Mother Hubbard!

MISS MUFFET. Let me join in the chorus.

SIMPLE SIMON. We 'll *all* sing—all of it—sharps, flats, accidentals, and all.

JACK HORNER. Sing it to *my* tune.

BO-PEEP. [*Impatiently.*] But have we time—have we time, Santa Claus?

SANTA CLAUS. Time? Let me tell you, my girl, when Santa Claus stops on Christmas Eve, and just so long as he stops, all the clocks stop, too. They would n't dare get ahead of him that way.

BOY BLUE. All right, then. A song for Mother Hubbard, to Jack Horner's tune!

Old Mother Hubbard
Goes to the cupboard
To look for her Christmas store.
She puts in the key
As proud as can be,
And cries, "It is empty no more!"

SANTA CLAUS. Now all go and get your loads.

[They crowd about the cupboard, and Mother Hubbard fills their arms with packages, books, boxes of candy, etc.]

MISTRESS MARY. [*During this distribution.*] Another verse!

Old Mother Hubbard
 Shows us the cupboard,
 Full from the bottom to top.
 She loads all the boys
 And girls with her toys
 Till they cry, "Mother Hubbard, pray stop!"

SANTA CLAUS. All out? All loaded? All ready?
 Then let us make for the sleigh. Form a line,
 youngsters. Sha'n't we have a jolly time! All
 down the coast—over to Europe—Asia—Isia—Osia
 —and Africa! What a night of it!

MOTHER HUBBARD. And where first?

SANTA CLAUS. First to [*Here may be inserted a
 reference to the school or other company before which the
 play is presented.*] Some of this special lot of bundles
 is for them. Forward, march!

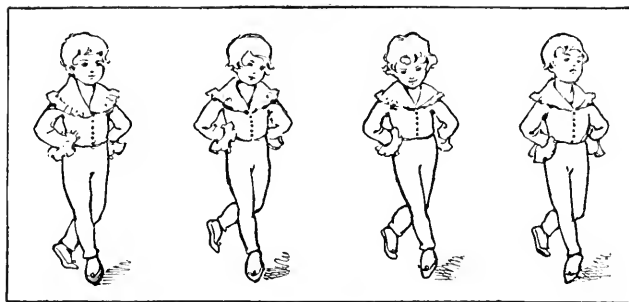
MISTRESS MARY. One minute, boys! First a song
 for Santa!

BOY BLUE. Santa Claus forever!

JACK HORNER. Hurrah!

Santa Claus forever,
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
 Friend of the children,
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

[Santa Claus and his assistants descend among
 the audience and distribute the gifts pre-
 pared for them.]

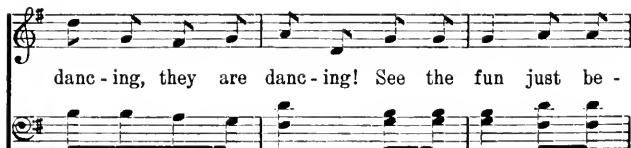
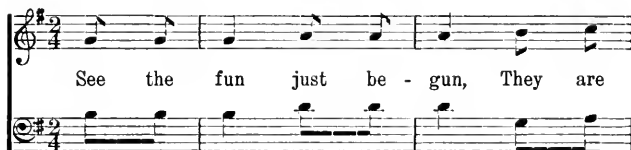


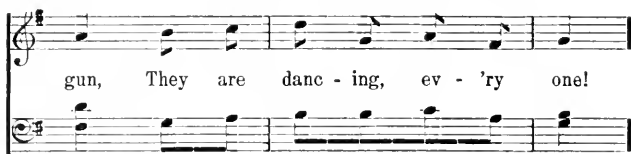
A LAWN DANCE FOR LITTLE PEOPLE

BY L. A. BRADBURY

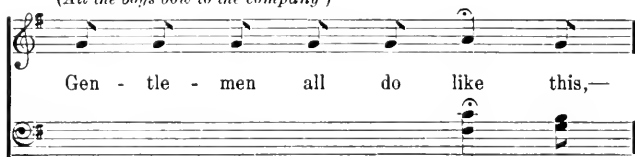
Four boys dance in, one behind another, their hands on their hips, and go to places at one side, while a group of singers sing as follows :

(Air, "Sur le Pont d'Avignon.")

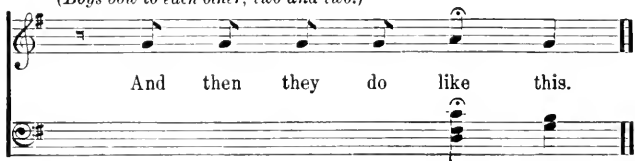




(All the boys bow to the company)



(Boys bow to each other, two and two.)



[The boys balance, or mark time, in their places, while four girls dance in and take places opposite the boys, at some distance; the singers singing as follows, to the same music as was sung for the entrance of the boys:]



In the shade, in the sun,
 They are daneing, they are daneing!
 In the shade, in the sun,
 They are dancing, every one!

All the ladies do like this.

[The girls curtsy to the company, and the boys
 bow again.

And then they do like this.

[Girls curtsy to each other, two and two; boys
 bow in the same way. During the singing of
 the next stanza the boys take hands, the girls
 do the same, and the two lines dance toward
 each other, meeting in the middle, where
 they take partners and form a square (quad-
 rille).

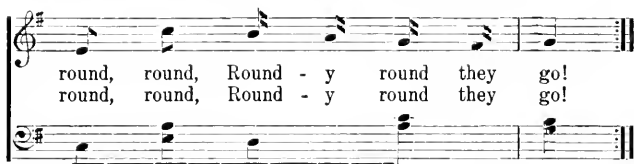
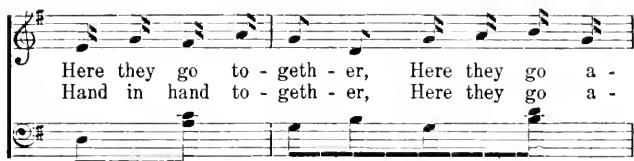
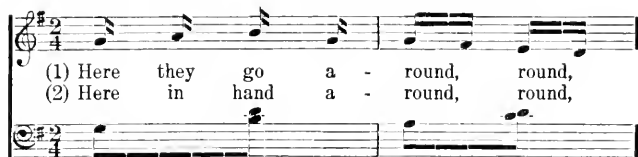
Oh, what joy! Oh, what fun!
 They are dancing, they are daneing!
 Oh, what joy! Oh, what fun!
 They are dancing, every one!

All the daneers do like this.

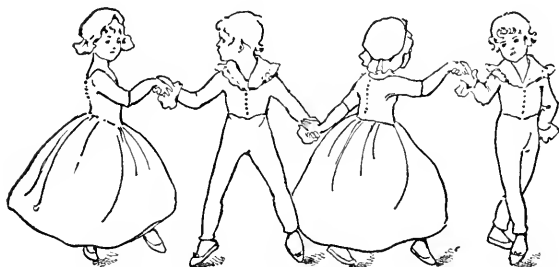
[All bow and curtsy to partners.

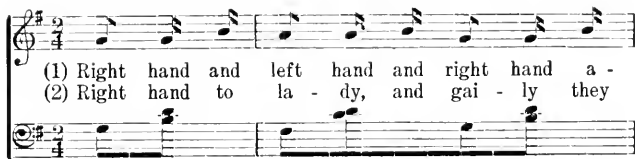
And then they do like this.

[All bow and curtsy to corners. The music
 then changes. During the singing of the
 next stanza all join hands and go round to
 the left.

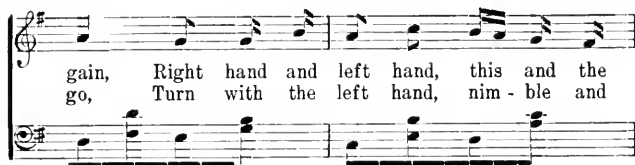


[On the repetition of the music (2), partners cross hands and promenade, going to the right. All face partners, give right hand, and pass by, giving left hand to the next person, and so on round to places again (grand right and left), while the singers sing as follows :

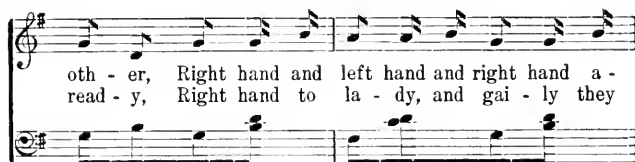




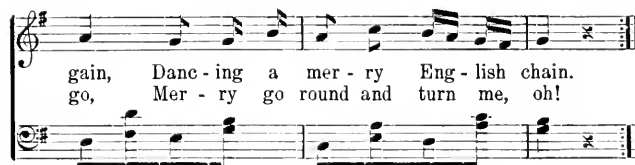
(1) Right hand and left hand and right hand a -
 (2) Right hand to la - dy, and gai - ly they



gain, Right hand and left hand, this and the
 go, Turn with the left hand, nim - ble and



oth - er, Right hand and left hand and right hand a -
 read - y, Right hand to la - dy, and gai - ly they



gain, Danc - ing a mer - ry Eng - lish chain.
 go, Mer - ry go round and turn me, oh!

[On the repetition of the music (2), girls cross right hands in the middle, swing half round, give left hand to opposite boy, and turn; girls cross right hands again, swing half round, and turn partners.]

[Music as at first. During the singing of the first part of the music (1), all balance and turn partners, then form a line, facing the company.

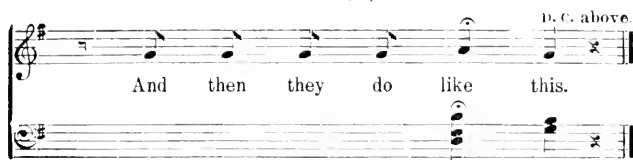
(1) Rath - er tired, al - most done, They are
(2) La la la, la la la, La la

danc-ing, they are danc-ing! Rath-er tired, al-most
la la la la la la, La la la, La la

done, They are danc-ing, ev-'ry one!
la, La la la la la la la!

FINE.

All the danc-ers do like this,—



[All bow and curtsy to partners, and then to the company. After making their bows and curtsies, the children dance off in single file, while the singers sing "La, la, la," etc., to the first part of the music.]

NOTE.—The costume for the children may be as elaborate as one pleases. A court dress of the last century—satin and velvet embroidered, brocades, silk stockings, white wigs, and patches—would be quaint and handsome; dress of clown and columbine would be striking; but the simplest change from ordinary wear is here represented: broad neck-ruffs and sleeve-ruffles for the boys, mob-caps for the girls; the ruffs may be of mosquito-netting, and the mob-caps can be of a simple pattern.



DICKY DOT AND DOTTY DICK

By E. S. BROOKS

CHARACTERS

DICKY DOT—boyish and buoyant.

DOTTY DICK—matronly and maidenly.

ARABELLA, the doll—non-committal.

Let the characters be taken by two as bright little children as can be selected for the parts; the younger the better; DOTTY, a little girl of six or seven, and DICKY, a little boy of seven or eight. The only properties necessary are the doll and doll-carriage, with afghan and small umbrella. Dress in taking costumes of to-day, with ulsters and large hats, if possible, for better effect. DICKY, at least, should have an ulster and hat. Caution the children to speak slowly and distinctly.

Dotty enters, right, wheeling Arabella in doll-carriage; stops at center.

DOTTY. [*Disconsolately.*]

Oh, dear! oh, dear! a mother's cares are really very wearing;

I did *so* want to rest—but, no; this child must have an airing.

[*Convulsively.*]

Why, Arabella Florence Dick, you 'll catch your death o' danger!

How *dare* you throw that afghan off!

[Leans down to adjust it, and sees Dicky outside.

My goodness! there 's a stranger.

Why, no!—why, yes! it 's Dicky Dot, a-prancing and a-dancing.

He 's got a brand-new ulster on—my! does n't he look entrancing?

And does n't he *think* he just looks fine! In boys it 's *too* distressing

To see them thinking of their clothes—we girls *must* mind our dressing.

[Enter Dicky, at the left, lifting his hat.

Good morning, Mr. Dicky Dot; I hope you 're well and hearty.

DICKY. [*Taking his hat off politely.*]

Oh, thank you, Mrs. Dotty Dick; I 'm quite a healthy party.

And how are you, and [*bending over carriage*] how 's the child—Miss Arabella Florence?

DOTTY. [*Dolefully.*]

I 'm well enough; but oh, that child! I just could weep in torrents!

She does enjoy *such* feeble health, I 'm in a constant fever!

I hardly dare to take her out—I can't go off and leave her;

And so, you see, I 'm tied at home; it 's such a wear and bother!

Oh, Mr. Dicky Dot, be glad that *you* are not a mother.

DICKY. [*Thankfully.*] I 'm sure I 'm glad.

DOTTY.

Ah yes! our lives are just a lot of worry;

While all you boys have easy times—all fun and play and hurry.

DICKY. Oh, no, we don't.

DOTTY. Oh, yes, you do.

DICKY. We have to work for *true*, though.

DOTTY.

Well, so do we, and worry, too; that does n't trouble you, though;

You walk around in pantaloons—

DICKY. [*With an injured air.*] Only one pocket, though, ma'am.

DOTTY. A brand-new ulster—

DICKY. [*Proudly.*] Aint it nice? I'm really quite a show, ma'am.

DOTTY.

And here *I* have to tend and mind a dreadful fretty baby.

I'm just a nurse-girl, I declare!

DICKY. [*Consolingly.*] She'll soon get better.

DOTTY. [*Dubiously.*] Maybe.

DICKY. [*Seriously.*] You're only play-mad; are n't you, now?

DOTTY.

Of course; it's "nothings" worry;

But that's the way my mama acts when she's all in a flurry.

DICKY. [*Hopefully.*] Some day *we* 'll both be big folks, too.

DOTTY. [*With satisfaction.*] I'll wear my dresses longer.

DICKY.

And I'll wear boots, and big high hats, and be a great deal stronger.

And you won't care for dolls!

DOTTY. [*Expostulatingly.*] Oh, yes!

DICKY. [*Stoutly.*] Oh, no!

DOTTY. [*Decidedly.*] I 'll *always* love them.

DICKY. [*Patronizingly.*]

Oh, not when you 're a lady, Dot;

'Cause then you 'll feel above them.

DOTTY. [*Thoughtfully.*] And what will you be, Dicky Dot? A—butcher—or—a—teacher?

DICKY. [*Considering.*] Oh, neither, Dot; I think—I 'll be—a—prince—or else—a preacher.

DOTTY. I 'd be a prince, if I were you—all spangles, gold, and rattle.

DICKY.

I think I 'll be a general, and lead my troops to battle. What would you say to see, some day—a-galloping and rearing—

Me—Major-General Richard Dot—and hear the people cheering?

DOTTY. [*Coolly.*]

I s'pose I 'd say, "Why, goodness me!

What is that Dicky trying?

I 'm sure he 'll fall and hurt himself!"

And then you 'd tumble, crying.

DICKY. [*Indignantly.*]

I guess I would n't, Dotty Dick; why—generals never tumble.

I 'll be a man then.

DOTTY. So you will.

DICKY. [*Contemptuously.*] And you 'll be scared and humble.

DOTTY. [*Energetically.*] Oh, no, I won't; for then I 'll be a queen so grand and glorious.

DICKY. [*Incredulously.*] You?—Dotty Dick?

DOTTY. [*Magnificently.*] Yes—me! I'll be Queen Dora, the victorious!

DICKY. [*Dumfounded.*] Well—well!

DOTTY.

And then the kings will crowd to beg my hand in marriage.

And I will say—

[*Haughtily.*]

“Ah—General Dot, just order up my carriage!”

DICKY. [*Taken all aback by this grandeur.*]

Well—I must say—of all the girls that plague, and tease, and tickle us—

You are about the— Dotty Dick, I—really—am—

DOTTY. [*Sarcastically.*] Re-dick-alous!

Oh, Dicky Dot! Oh, Dicky Dot! do you think only *you*, sir,

Can grow up big, and grand, and fine? What *you* do, *I* can do, sir!

So why can't we be partners then, the same as when we 're playing?

You be the general—I 'll be queen, whom all the world 's obeying.

And you will be so brave and strong that none can ever humble me.

DICKY. [*Bombastically.*] Yes, *I* 'll protect you!

DOTTY. [*Starting suddenly away from carriage.*] Oh! what 's that?—a dreadful, horrid bumblebee!

DICKY. [*Running away.*] Look out! he'll sting you!

[Opens umbrella, and holds it before him.]

DOTTY. [*Piteously.*] Drive him off!

DICKY. [*Backing farther off.*]

I can't! he 'll sting a fellow.
Come under the umbrella—quick! He 's there by
Arabella.

[Dotty runs under the umbrella, and they both sit on the ground, central, under cover of its protection. Then they cautiously put their heads out, at opposite sides, and afterward look at each other.]

DOTTY. [*Sarcastically.*] Well, Major-General Richard Dot, you *are* a brave defender!

DICKY. [*Apologetically.*] I 'm 'fraid of bees.

DOTTY. [*Critically.*] But generals ought n't to be *quite* so tender!

DICKY. [*Starting bravely to his feet.*] Queen Dora, shall I charge the foe?

DOTTY. [*Rising, but guarding herself with the open umbrella.*]

Do, general, I implore you!
He 's at my daughter! Oh, see there! Save her,
and I 'll adore you!

DICKY. [*Pulling off his hat, and charging manfully toward the carriage, beating the air as if he were striking down a bee.*] Be off, you traitor! [*Dodging him.*] No, you don't! Ha, ha! I 've killed him, Dotty! [*Clapping his hand to his mouth.*] Oh, oh! he 's stung me!

DOTTY. [*Dropping the umbrella, and rushing to Dicky's side, full of sympathy.*] Dicky! Where?

DICKY. [*Jumping in pain and showing his hand to Dotty.*] O-o-o! There!

DOTTY. [*Examining it critically.*] How white and spotty! Say, will it kill you?

DICKY. [*Dubiously.*] I don't know. I s'pose there 's poison in it!

DOTTY. [*In tears.*] Oh, dear! Oh, dear! And all for me! Oh, why did I begin it?

DICKY. [*Consolingly.*] Now, Dotty, darling! don't you fret! I 'll—o-o-o-o!—I 'll try to bear it.

DOTTY. Poor Dicky! let me wrap it up [*stripping the afghan off the carriage and surveying it critically*]. Oh, dear! I 'll have to tear it.

DICKY. [*Putting it back.*] No, no; your handkerchief will do.

DOTTY. [*Sweetly.*] I 'll kiss it!

DICKY. That 'll cure it!

[Dotty kisses the stung hand.

It don't pain half so badly now; I think I can endure it.

DOTTY. [*Wrapping Dicky's hand up in her handkerchief.*]

Oh, what a brave boy, Dicky Dot! You 're *general* no longer.

If I 'm the queen, then you be king: you 're nobler, sir, and stronger.

And Arabella—she shall be the fairy who shall lead us

To where our golden palace stands, with lords to serve and feed us.

DICKY. But we 've not got our king-clothes on—'t will set the folks a-staring.

DOTTY. I think I 'd rather see *my* king his brand-new ulster wearing.

DICKY. [*Utterly captivated.*] Oh, are n't you nice!

DOTTY. [*Sweetly.*] And so are you.

DICKY. [*Thoughtfully.*]

My papa said, this morning,

'T was manlier to rule yourself than be a throne
adorning.

DOTTY. [*Puzzled.*] What did he mean?

DICKY. [*Still thoughtful.*] I s'pose he meant a coward's mean—and—sniffy!

DOTTY. You're not.

DICKY. [*Accusingly.*] I ran.

DOTTY. [*Emphatically.*] But then—you killed that buzzer—in a jiffy!

DICKY. [*Confidingly.*] Well, Dotty, something said—right here [*putting his hand on his heart*]:

“H'm! you're a *pretty* fellow,
A-hiding from a bumblebee behind a big umbrella!
A general that's 'fraid to fight will fail unless he's
bolder.

If you're a 'fraid-cat now, you'll be a 'fraid-cat when
you're older.”

And so I up and killed him dead.

DOTTY. [*Shaking her head.*] He's stung you badly,
maybe.

DICKY. [*Stoutly.*]

I'd rather be hurt *awful* bad than be a coward-baby.
How's Arabella?

DOTTY. [*Examining Arabella carefully.*] She's all
right.

DICKY. No stings on hand or footy?

DOTTY. Oh, no; she's just mussed up a bit; I'll
fix her nice and pretty.

[Shakes Arabella out, and rearranges her in the
carriage.]

DICKY.

Let 's play the bee was monstrous big and had a
dragon's head on,

And you two be the princesses, such as they 're always
fed on.

I 'll be the prince who 's galloped up, at just the lucky
minute,

And killed the dragon dead—and left my sword a-
sticking in it.

DOTTY. [*Enthusiastically.*]

Oh, yes. Well, I 'm the princess, then—just like the
fairy story;

And we 'll live happy all our days, with lots of gold
and glory.

DICKY.

All right. And as the dragon's dead, let 's play
there 'd come to meet us

A big procession, with the king and all his court, to
greet us.

DOTTY. [*Grasping the doll-carriage.*] Then let
Prince Dicky lead the way.

DICKY. [*Shouldering the umbrella.*]

Let Princess Dotty follow,

With Arabella, off of whom the dragon took a swallow.

DOTTY. She 's in the chariot—oh, so ill!

DICKY.

Move on now to the palace.

Guns boom, flags wave, because we 've all escaped the
dragon's malice.

DOTTY. [*Stopping him and taking his hand.*] But,
'fore we go, we ought to thank these friends who 've
listened to us.

[Both face the audience.

DICKY.

If *you* are pleased, then *we* are glad ; such good your smiles can do us.

And if, sometime, you come to court, just ask—

DOTTY. We 'll come out quick—

[Both join hands.

DICKY. For Prince and General Dicky Dot.

DOTTY. And Princess Dotty Dick.

[Both bow majestically.

NOTE.—If no curtain is used the children can then march off—Dicky, with umbrella, in front, and Dotty, rolling doll-carriage, following.

AN OLD ENGLISH FOLK-SONG

(Arranged for Recitation with Musical Accompaniment)¹

BY EDGAR S. KELLEY

Andante.
(♩. = 56.)

mf *sf* *pp*

There was an old woman

¹ The words of the text are to be recited throughout, except the line, "Lawk 'a' mercy on me, this is none of I!" which may be sung *ad libitum*.

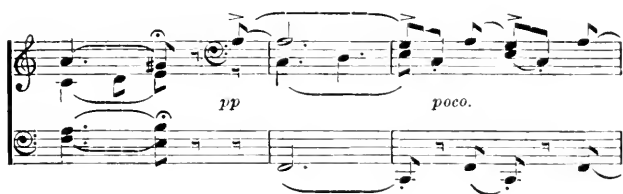
as I've heard tell, She went to the market her eggs for to sell;



She went to the market all on a market day, And she fell asleep



on the king's highway. [The peddler approaches.]



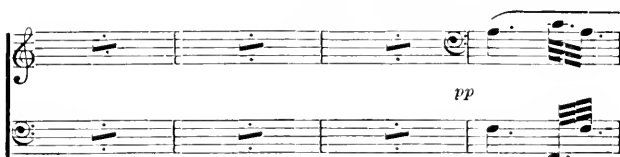
There



came by a peddler whose He cut off her petticoats
name was Stout;



all round about; He cut off her petticoats Which made the
up to the knees, old woman to



shiver and freeze. Now when the old woman did first awake,



She began to shiver and she She began to wonder and she
began to shake; began to cry,



mf

"Lawk 'a' mer - cy on me, this is none of I!

But if it be I, as I hope it be, I've a little dog at home,

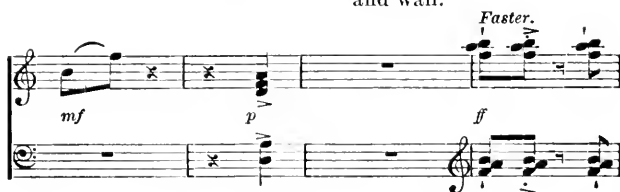
p

and he 'll know me: If it be I he 'll wag his little tail;

p *ppp*

poco *cres - - cen - - - do.*

If it be *not* I he 'll loudly bark
and wail."



wends her way homeward.



Home went the old woman all in the dark,
Up got the little dog and he began to bark.



He began to bark, and she began to cry,

Tempo I.



HAYDN'S "CHILDREN'S SYMPHONY"

BY JAMES JUDSON LORD

Do you know that Haydn, the great musical composer, wrote a symphony for the special delight and exercise of children—a real symphony, wilder and sweeter than the chorus of a thousand birds? The children required to perform it need not be trained little musicians. They must only be attentive, and possessed of a quick, true ear for music, and able to keep the dimples quiet while the very funny yet beautiful performance is going on. Now, you shall have full directions for getting up the symphony. The music can be obtained at almost any first-class music publisher's, and the toy instruments at any importing toy-house.

To perform the "Children's Symphony" successfully, an experienced musical director is required, and four instrumental performers, with first and second violins, violoncello, and bass-viol. Then eight children, with toy instruments, viz.: The cuckoo, with two tones, G and E. (The violins and bass-viol must be tuned by this instrument.) The whistle is a large clarionet-shaped toy, which must be in G. The trumpet, a large

metallic toy, must also be in G. The part for the drum (a full-grown toy) is identical with the trumpet. For the quail (if a proper quail-pipe cannot be obtained) a second whistle can be used, which must be in F. The night-owl,—a mug-shaped instrument, with an orifice in its side, through which a whistle is inserted,—when used, is partly filled with water, to give the tremulous owl-hoot sound. The common rotary rattle and an ordinary triangle are used. The eymbelstern is an upright standard, with two horizontal rings of different diameter, on which are fastened many bells, various in shape and tone.

The four leading instruments, playing in concert, seem to inspire the timid toys with confidence, and with persuasive and kindly notes to draw them out, each in its proper place, so that "Cuekoo! euekoo! euekoo!" appears as harmonious among the peerless notes of the great master as in the beautiful twilight of the summer sky, and the shriek of the night-owl as weird and gloomy as at midnight hour in the dark recesses of its woodland haunts. When we see one so eminent bending his heavenly art, like the rainbow touching the earth, to meet the capacity and to make glad the hearts of children, we can well believe that his own soul must have been touched with the spirit of Him who took little children in his arms and blessed them.

The origin of the beautiful symphony is not generally known, but it has been pleasantly told by a German writer.

Would you like me to give a free translation of the story? Here it is:

PROLOGUE TO HAYDN'S CHILDREN'S SYMPHONY

Near Salzburg, once, good Father Haydn
 Some leisure spent at Berehtesgaden
 (A rustie hamlet, cheered by mountain rills,
 Perched like a birdling's home among the hills),
 Where, with much thrift, the villager employs
 His gentle time and skill in making toys,
 As drums and trumpets,—such as swell the din
 Of mimic battles fought with swords of tin,—
 And tiny lutes, whose notes full oft inspire
 In after years to string the charmed lyre:
 No trifler's art. (The maxim here unfurled
 Is, Please the child and you will please the world.)

Once, as he lingered in the village street
 To sport with children he had chanced to meet
 (For in his nature he was pure and mild;
 Like all the truly great, himself a child),
 Good Father Haydn to himself thus spoke:
 "Oft has your ardor for the grand awoke
 Such strains as might a worldly mind elate,
 And please the learn'd, and men of high estate:
 Now wake a grander symphony to please
 And move the hearts of such dear ones as these;
 And with such instruments their hearts to move
 As in their childish habits they approve."

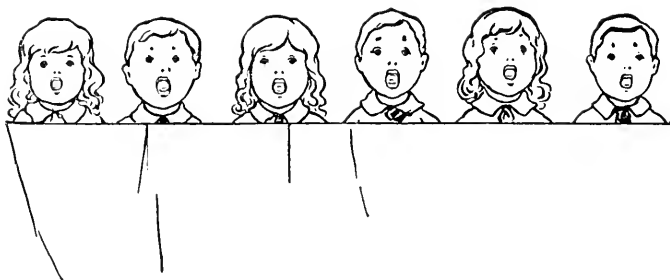
The morning brought the "Children's Symphony"—
 Eight tiny trinkets chiming in their glee,
 Led by the abler, as you see at school
 The master foremost with his rod and rule.

The rattle, whistle, and the cymbelstern
Rattled and piped and clattered in their turn ;
The cuckoo, quail, and night-owl ¹ could be heard,
Whooping their best to be the better bird ;
And drum and trumpet, with much clamor blest,
Were not a whit more bashful than the rest.

First an *allegro*, brisk as song of bird,
In which a cuckoo's cheering notes are heard,
And then a *trio* and a *minuet*,
Their graceful tones like sparkling jewels set ;
And then a *presto* comes to close it all,
Which cannot fail to please both great and small.

Although upon such playthings, still the part
To be perform'd will be no less an art.
And should some small affrighted trumpet shriek,
Or bashful whistle loose its voice and squeak,
Or some presumptuous little would-be drum
Should be puffed up, and then collapsed and dumb,
Don't let such little things excite your wonder ;
You know, dear friends, great artists sometimes
blunder.

¹ Cuckoo, quail, and night-owl are names of German toy instruments.



A TOPSYTURVY CONCERT

BY GEORGE BRADFORD BARTLETT

THIS is one of the funniest entertainments ever seen, and one of the easiest to prepare.

It needs only a screen or a curtain stretched across any room.

The height of the curtain may be determined by the size of the children who sing in the concert, for they stand in a row behind the screen or curtain.

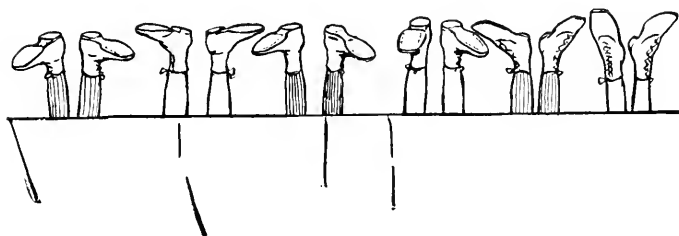
It is well to have these singers nearly of the same size, as the screen or curtain should conceal all of their bodies except the head and neck.

The only preparation required is that the arms and hands of each should be covered with stockings, and that shoes be worn upon each hand, with the soles of the shoes pointed forward, so that the toes will be turned toward the spectators, who are seated in front of the curtain at a little distance. At the conclusion of each verse the singers stoop down all together and very quickly, and each, lowering the head, elevates the arms above the curtain.

The effect thus produced is that all the singers seem to be standing on their heads.

They keep time with their feet (or rather hands) to the music of the song, and the sudden changes, when done simultaneously, will never fail to amuse.

The idea of this unique performance probably originated in the fertile brain of a Frenchman; but it has been adapted for the use of children, and will prove an enjoyable addition to the holiday merrymakings.



THE CHANGELING

A FLOWER AND FAIRY MASQUE

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

CHARACTERS

LITTLE JO.	THE LITTLE MEN IN GREEN
THE ROSE-SPRITE.	(three).
THE NIGHT-MOTH.	THE MAIDENS OF THE MIST
BEES'-WINGS.	(three or more).
WHITE OWLET.	THE LOST TOYS (three).
FLITTER-FLUTTER.	THE BROKEN DOLLS (three).
THE DAY-DREAM.	THE FAIRY LADY.
HONOR, THE MAID.	

FAIRIES :

JACK-O'-LANTERN.	QUAKER-LADIES.
COCKSCOMB.	MOURNING-BRIDE.
MONK'S-HOOD.	SNAPDRAGON.
WAKE-ROBIN.	SWEET-WILLIAM.
MARIGOLD.	SWEET-PEAS.
PRINCE'S-FEATHER.	LITTLE MIGNONETTE.

THE FAIRY HERALD.

THE VOICE OF CHANTICLEER.

PLACE. A garden terrace.

TIME. Between sunset and twilight.

MUSIC. Cornet and clarinet. If a piano, then an accompanist who can modulate from one key to another for the various songs and choruses. The clarinet will always support the solo.

COLORS. Toward the last. Pale rose for the dances ; pale blue for the Fairy Lady's apparition.

DRESSES. Cheese-cloth, tarlatan, and other inexpensive material, arranged according to the part. The Little Men in Green entirely in green, with pointed caps, and spears representing grass. The Maidens of the Mist wrapped in white tarlatan, a long piece loosely folding one and passing to the next, folding her and passing to the other. If there are but few to take parts, those who have already appeared may represent the Maidens of the Mist by winding the long piece of white tarlatan round their other costumes, and afterward hanging it on bushes in the foreground. The Fairy Lady in any dress, shrouded with flowing white, transparent stuff. Flitter-flutter in a long, clinging, primrose-colored gown, with very large wings. Little Mignonette with a waist looking like one bunch of mignonette, from which her head and shoulders rise. Day-dream, in skirts like the scarlet poppy-petals, black bodice, and scarlet silk scarf to wave. The Night-moth in black, thin material, the rather long skirts spangled in rows of gold and silver, stomacher all spangles, angel sleeves, long, narrow wings, black ostrich-feathers over the head. The Rose-sprite in very full and rather long pink skirts, cut in large scallops and unhemmed, to be lifted and held out at one side in dancing; wreath of roses round the top of the half-high green corsage; hat like the petals of a huge wild rose, on one side of the head; tan-colored stockings and boots. These dresses may be varied according to individual taste. All the lesser fairies are not indispensable. The Broken Dolls, if unable to sing, may make jerky motions, the chorus giving the words. The Lost Toys may represent a Jumping-jack, a Ninepin, a Kite. The dancing is to be done like Queen Elizabeth's—"high and disposedly," but with abandon.

A band of Fairies come dancing on the green in opposite directions, each keeping to the right after passing, thus circling in a ring, led by the Night-moth and the Rose-sprite, who presently withdraw inside the ring, still singing while the others dance.

CHORUS.

(No. 1.) Air: "We are dainty little fairies."—"Iolanthe,"

No. 1, Act I. (Repeat the first part of the tune for the last verse.)

Are we flowers or fairy people, always springing, al-
ways singing?

When the sun forsakes the steeple, when the evening
breezes fan,
Look across the last ray slanting, purple mist your
eyes enchanting ;



THE ROSE-SPRITE.

Are we flowers or fairy people? You may answer, if
you can !

Many a night-moth flits before us ; gayest laughter
follows after.

[Laughter behind the scenes.

Bees belated blunder o'er us ; whippoorwills send
warning cries.

When you hear our airy whistles, down that 's blowing
off from thistles,

[Whistles behind the scenes.

You may deem us, you may dream us—but the sunset
's in your eyes!

From the roses faint and heavy, softly stooping,
swiftly trooping,

From the brambles in a bevy, from the blossoms,
from the bells,

Whether it is pansies springing, whether it is blue-
birds winging,

Or canary-bird flowers singing, is a thing white
magic tells!

[The fairies are still dancing when the Rose-
sprite separates from them, comes forward,
and sings.

ROSE-SPRITE.

(No. 2.) Air: "She wore a rose in her hair."—George Osgood.

All day I slept in the rose,
And I hardly know myself—
So sweet is the breath that blows—
If I be flower or elf.

[The Rose-sprite whirls back among the others,
and the Night-moth steals forward, and sings
to the same air.

NIGHT-MOTH.

(No. 3.)

I curled in the lily's cup
The livelong summer day,
Till she folded her petals up,
And I slipped like the dew away.

[As the Night-moth slides back, Bees'-wings comes swiftly zigzagging across, pauses, and sings.

BEES'-WINGS.

(No. 4.) Air: "If I were king."

—Adolphe Adam. (Beginning at second bar, singing nine bars, omitting the next twenty-five, singing four, omitting all the rest.)

I was just a big
brown bee,
Buzzing home,
hey, nonny,
nonny!

When the fairies cap-
tured me,
Stole my sting, and
kept my honey!

[Runs off.

CHORUS OF FAIRIES.

[*With mischievous
glee.*]

FLITTER-FLUTTER.

He was just a bim-home-bim,
Buzzing home, hey, nonny, nonny!
When the fairies captured him,
Stole his sting, and kept his honey!

[The dance continues, the fairies swinging one another, moving in and out, and Flitter-flutter floats forward, singing.



FLITTER-FLUTTER.

(No. 5.) Air: Trio, "Every journey has an end."—"Iolanthe," No. 8, Act II.

Flittering, fluttering out of the sky,
Primrose-petal or butterfly,
Flittering off on the wind
I go,
Wherever its soft breath
cares to blow.

[Floats back.

FAIRY

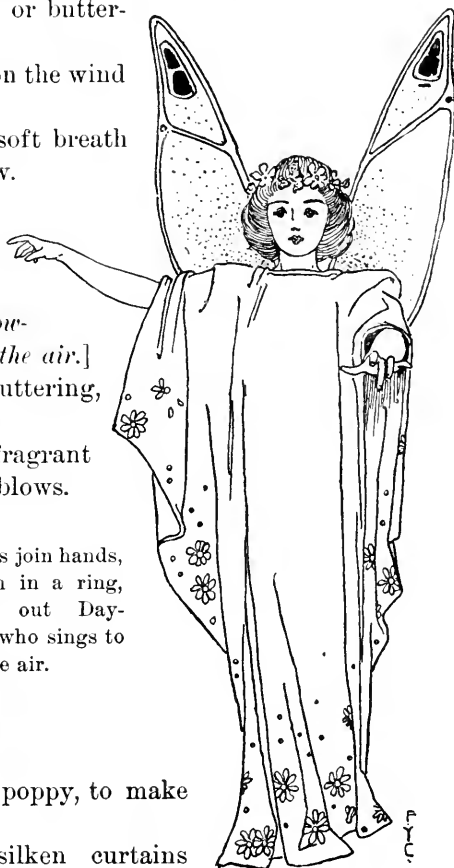
CHORUS. [*Blowing kisses into the air.*]
Flittering, fluttering,
off she goes,
Wherever the fragrant
south wind blows.

[The fairies join hands,
and run in a ring,
leaving out Day-
dream, who sings to
the same air.

DAY-DREAM.

(No. 6.)

The splendid poppy, to make
my tent,
His scarlet silken curtains
lent;



THE FAIRY LADY.



THE NIGHT-MOTH.

There all day long did I
drowse and sleep,
And my dreams were
soft, and my dreams
were deep.

[Bugle in the distance.

FAIRY HERALD. [*Running on.*]

Recitative.

Hark! Sound retreat!
Beat quick, ye fairy
drums!

[Trills on base notes of
instruments.

Haste, haste! Hush,
hush! This way a
mortal comes!

[Mingles with the fair-
ies. All show fear,
and huddle to-
gether. Enter Lit-

tle Jo, in his nightgown, waving a butterfly-
net, hurrying on, and stopping suddenly in
surprise.

LITTLE JO. [*Speaks.*]

Why, I was sure I saw them;
I actually thought
That if I had been down here
A butterfly I'd caught.

FAIRIES. [*In chorus, softly, all stooping toward him
from the background in the right.*]

(No. 7.) Air: "Yet
Britain won," cho-
rus to Lord Mount-
ararat's song.—
"Iolanthe," No. 3,
Act II. (Changed
to 4 time.)

Ha, ha, ha! he really
thought
That he a butterfly
had caught!

[Jo listens, start-
led, but re-
sumes as if
convinced he
had not heard
anything.

LITTLE JO.
Now, could it be a
fairy

That I saw flitting by,
As I leaned from the window—
Or just a butterfly?

FAIRIES. [*In chorus, turning to one another, amused.*]
(No. 8.) Air: Same as No. 7.

Ha, ha, ha! went flitting by,
Nothing but a butterfly!

LITTLE JO.

I did n't wait to dress me,
For I've been sent to bed.
I hurried just like wild-fire,
And 'most forgot my head!



BEES'-WINGS.

FAIRIES. [*In chorus, quite uproariously.*]

(No. 9.) Air: Same as No. 5.

Ha, ha, ha! Fairies, hear!

He *quite* forgot his head, we fear!

LITTLE JO.

I wish I had some fern-seed—

They say it never fails;

Or the salt that catches birdies,

If you put it on their tails.

FAIRIES. [*In chorus, very affirmatively.*]

(No. 10.) Air: Same as No. 7.

Ha, ha, ha! it never fails

If you put it on their tails!

LITTLE JO.

Perhaps I had been dreaming—

I guess I was; but then,

If I should wait a moment

They may come back again.

FAIRIES. [*In chorus, more boldly.*]

(No. 11.) Air: Same as No. 7.

Ha, ha, ha! just wait, and then

Surely they 'll come back
again!

LITTLE JO.

I wonder whether fairies—

You really don't believe,

When Honor talks of fairies,

That she's laughing in her
sleeve?



LITTLE JO.

FAIRIES. [*Indignantly.*]

(No. 12.) Air: Same as No. 5.

Oh, oh, oh! you don't believe
Honor's laughing in her sleeve!



LITTLE JO.
growing tired and

There's no such
It's all a story!

[*Looking about,
vexed.*]

thing as fairies!
So!

THE DAY-DREAM.

[*Amazed looks among
the fairies.*]

I wish—I am so sleepy—

[*Yawns.*]

I don't believe—I—o—o—oh!

[*Yawns again, stretches, sinks down and sleeps.*]

FAIRIES. [*Crowding round.*] Oh, oh, oh, oh!

[*Tiptoeing, and singing one by one.*]

(No. 13.) Air: "Down the shadowed lanes he goes."—George Osgood. (Beginning at "As she strayed and as she sang.")

Is n't he a little dear?

Just the sweetest ever seen!

Let us take him
for a Change-
ling!

Take him to the
Fairy Queen!

'T is a shame he
should be mor-
tal!

Turn him, turn
him to a fay!

Wave your charms,
and weave
your dances,

Sing your spells
—away, away!

[All together, in
a ring, dancing
round him and
concealing him
while he slips
off his night-
gown to show
costume be-
neath, repeat
to the same air
as before.



PRINCE'S-FEATHER.

Is n't he a little dear? Just the sweetest ever seen!
Let us take him for a Changeling! Take him to the
Fairy Queen!

'T is a shame he should be mortal! Turn him, turn him to a fay!

Wave your charms, and weave your dances, sing your spells—away, away!

[The fairies break the ring, and Little Jo is seen in tights, trunks, peacock wings, and antennæ. He looks himself over, gazes about him, flutters his wings, looks over his shoulder at them, springs to his feet, and sings.



LITTLE JO.

(No. 14.) Air: "Little Bo-peep." —
"Mother Goose's Melodies," by Elliott.

SNAPDRAGON.

Why, there are such things as fairies!
And if any one says there are not,
Take the dart of a bumblebee,
And shoot him on the spot!

[Meanwhile the fairies are mustering into ranks.

FAIRY CHORUS. [*Little Jo shows that he listens to the fairies' singing with more and more pleasure.*]

(No. 15.) Air: "Henceforth Strephon."—"Iolanthe."

Where the summer reigns serene,
Where the winds are always low,
Spicy dells are always green,
Into Fairyland he must go!
Into Fairyland he must go!
Into Fairyland, etc.

[Fairies withdraw to the sides, still singing.

LITTLE JO. [*Bending over and slapping his knees with delighted emphasis, sings.*]

Into Fairyland I *will* go!

[The fairies now return, coming on from opposite sides with the steps of "Dancing in the Barn," as they sing.

FAIRY CHORUS.

(No. 16.) Air: "Dancing in the Barn," adapted. (The first sixteen bars.)

Who is half so happy now, half so gay, as we are?
Riding on the rainbow, flashing in the foam,
Sunbeams are our coursers, east to-day and west to-morrow.

Hear our bridles jingle as we lead the fireflies home!
Just a tear would drown us, just a sigh would slay.

We think of nothing, dream of nothing, to annoy.
Mortals, we believe it, are only made of sorrow;

We are made of perfume, of music, and of joy!

[During this chorus Little Jo has caught sight of Little Mignonette, a tiny fairy, and has been following her in and out among the groups, the shrubs, and vases, followed by White Owlet and Bees'-wings, exclaiming,

and buzzing in his face at every meeting.
He pauses as he darts across the scene, as if
to take breath, and sings.

LITTLE JO.

(No. 17.) Same air as No. 15 (but without the refrain),
"Henceforth Strephon."

If there is a flower that blows
Sweeter than the budding rose,
'T is when dew is sparkling yet
On darling Little Mignonette!



WAKE-ROBIN.

BEES'-WINGS. [*At one side.*] Buzz!

WHITE OWLET. [*On the other side.*] Tu-whoo!

[Little Jo continues the pursuit. As he runs, the
Little Men in Green start up from the grass.]



THE LITTLE MEN IN GREEN

THE LITTLE MEN IN GREEN.

(No. 18.) Air: "When darkly looms the day." (Ten bars.)

When moonlight floods the fields,
And mighty shadow shields
The glades and glens and wealds,
If you 're awake,
The Little Men in Green
Perhaps you may have seen
Haunting the silver sheen
Of bog and brake.

O'er dale and dingle far
Our hunting knows no bar,
By defile and by sear,
O'er briers and thorns;
Through midnight far and near,
If you 're awake you 'll hear
In what wild tunes and clear
We wind our horns.

[Music to represent horns behind the scenes.
They disappear with their horns at their
mouths as the Maidens of the Mist pass
slowly and sing.]

THE MAIDENS OF THE MIST.

(No. 19.) Air: "Sounds from the Ball."—Gillet. (Transposed into the key of D.)

The lonely Maidens of the Mist,
Year in and out our threads we twist,
And, moving o'er the meadow-side,
Rose-leaves to blushes for the bride
We twirl, or distaffs drop and weave
Moonbeams to satin for her sleeve,



WHITE OWLET.

Or scatter jewels as we sail
Where the gossamer spider spins her veil.

[As they pass, the fairies muster into ranks again, having been frolicking in and out the place, and sing, the Night-moth and the Rose-sprite, at the right and left of the scene, marshaling them. As each fairy's name is called, he or she appears and does obeisance.]

FAIRIES. [*In chorus.*]

(No. 20.) Air: Duet of Phyllis and Strephon, "If we 're weak enough to tarry."—"Iolanthe," No. 10, Act II. (Sixteen bars.)

Why the hours do we waste?
Homeward, fairies, homeward haste!
Jack-o'-lantern, lead the way;
Cockscorn, follow quick, we pray!
Come, Wake-robin, play no pranks
With the Monk's-hood in our ranks;

Marigold and Prince's-feather,
Fondly wander off together!

Quaker-ladies, Mourning-bride,
Throw your modest mask aside;
Give Snapdragon his adieu,
For Sweet-william goes with you.
Sweet-peas, spread your wings for flight.
Hurry! it is almost night!
Come, dark Night-moth, don't forget
Darling Little Mignonette!

LITTLE JO. [*Catching
Little Mignonette
at last, sings.*]

(No. 21.) Air: "The
Mistletoe Bough," sung
in quick time.

I've followed you far,
and I've followed
you long;

I've caught you at
last—I will sing
you my song.

For you're bright as a
drop that the sun
sparkles through,
And you're only an
atom of sweet
honey-dew!

BEES'-WINGS. Buzz!

WHITE OWLET. Tu-
whoo!



A QUAKER-LADY.

FAIRIES. [*In chorus, dancing with a long swing, first on one foot and then on the other, facing the front, and supporting the Broken Dolls, who come staggering on and sing jerkily.*]



THE BROKEN DOLLS.

(NO. 22.) SONG OF THE BROKEN DOLLS

Oh, the lone - ly, long and lone - ly way to Fair - y - land,

we 've found it! Dust-y, must - y cob - webs on - ly,

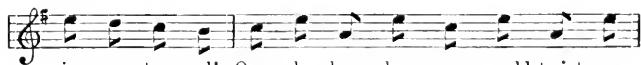
wea - ry, drear-y gar - rets bound it! When our lit - tle

moth-ers lost us, in the cor-ners where they tossed us,

All our hearts were bro - ken, and our heads were, too!



Oh, had they kissed us, had they missed us, 't would assist us,



in our trav-el! Queer-ly, cheer-ly we would twist us



as the cu-rious paths un-rav-el. Fair-y ways are



hard and hol-low when you have no nose to fol-low,—



One foot gone, and gone the eyes that were so blue.

[As they withdraw, the Lost Toys come limping on, singing.

(No. 23.) Air: "Virginia Reel."

When the days are quite canic-ular,

And the sunshine perpendicular,
If you are at all particular,

You should go to Fairyland.
There's moonlight there to tease
you, and

There's strawberry-ice to freeze
you, and

You think of what would please
you, and

It's yours, in Fairyland!



LITTLE MIGNONETTE.



MONK'S-HOOD.

For no one cares
 a scapple there
 With any task to
 grapple there;
 In your mouth
 the very apple
 there
 Drops, when in
 Fairyland.
 You never need
 articulate
 A wish, but just
 gesticulate,
 When once you
 do matriculate
 Inside of Fairy-
 land!

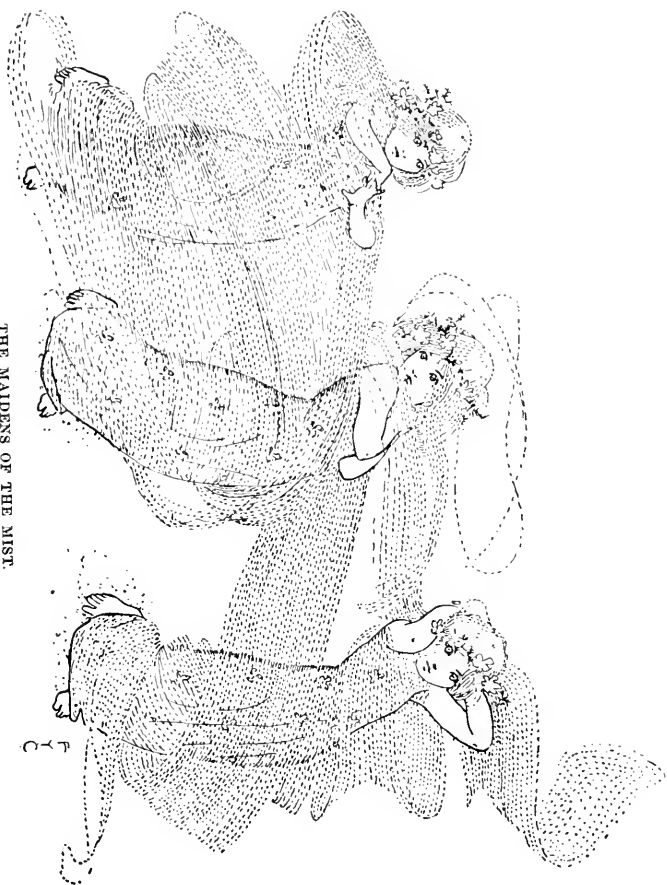
[They stagger off, and the music changes, and soon in the distance is heard "Annie Rooney." Little Jo, who has been sitting, whispering to Little Mignonette, in the center of the scene, turns and listens, presently hums, and at the right point sings.

LITTLE JO.

(No. 24.) Air: The chorus of "Annie Rooney."

She's my airy, fairy, oh,
 She's my darling, I'm her Jo;
 Soon we'll vanish, won't we, pet?
 Little—little—

THE MAIDENS OF THE MIST.





A SWEET-PEA.

[*Speaks.*]

Little—

[Looks about wonderingly, and exclaims:]

Dear me! that sounds familiar;

I 've heard that strain before—

In some other star, perhaps,

On some other shore.

It seems to me that really—

[*With recognition.*]

Oh, they play it on the square,

They play it in the parlor,

They play it everywhere!

[Little Mignonette turns entirely around, still sitting, and stares amazed at him.]

But whatever has become of me?

[*With surprise.*]

They 've changed me! I 've got wings!

[*With fear.*]

What in the world these waggles are—

[*With anger.*]

There they go, the horrid things!

[*Tears off his antennæ.*]

[Little Mignonette makes off in terror.

I *can't* be some one else, you know—

[*Bewildered.*]

I 've dreamed some dream or other—

Why—don't you see—I 'm all outdoors—

[*With alarm.*]

Oh, I want to see my mother!

[The fairies, who have been in the background, moving about restlessly, and then creeping forward, now sing mockingly.

FAIRIES. [*In chorus.*]

(No. 25.) Air: Same as No. 7.

Ha, ha, some dream or other!

Oh, he wants to see his mother!

LITTLE JO.

[*Crying loudly and beseechingly.*]

Oh, you voices! Oh, you people!

Oh, how cruel is your joy!

I don't want to be a fairy!



MOURNING-BRIDE.

[*With exasperation.*]

I would rather be a boy!

FAIRIES. [*Angrily.*]

(No. 26.) Air: Same as No. 5.

He 'll destroy all our joy—

He would rather be a boy!



SWEET-WILLIAM.

LITTLE JO.

Mother, help me! Help me, Honor!

What in the world am I to do?

Oh, you know I love you so—

Come unfairy me! Boohoo!

FAIRIES. [*Wringing their hands.*]

(No. 27.) Air: Same as No. 7.

What in the world are we to do?

We *can't* unfairy him! Boohoo!



JACK-O'-LANTERN.

BEES'-WINGS. Buzz!

WHITE OWLET. Tu-whoo!

[Melancholy music in the distance.]

CHORUS OF FAIRIES. [*Dejectedly.*]

(No. 28.) Air: "The Lorelei."—Friedrich Silcher. (Repeat the first nine bars for the second stanza, and then continue for the third.)

We cannot stay where tears are ;
 They melt us quite away
 Into the bubble's breaking wreath
 And the water-gleam's pale ray.

Oh, call, oh, call our lady !
 Call with your weirdest rune.
 Call to the star-swale on the sea,
 And the halo round the moon.

[All kneel, having softly surrounded Little Jo in a ring as they sang. A grown-up and beautiful figure, the Fairy Lady, appears, pauses, extends her arms a moment toward the imploring fairies, and passes while they continue singing.



COCKSCOMB.

O Sovereign of the
 World of Dreams,
 Reverse the spell, and
 then,
 Great Fairy, make this
 Changeling
 Only a boy again !

[As they separate, on arising, Little Jo, in his nightgown, is seen lying asleep in the foreground. The Night-moth comes stealing across the scene, singing as she moves.

NIGHT-MOTH.

(No. 29.) Air: "I cannot tell what this love may be."—"Patience." (Nine and a half bars.)

Vanishing into the sunset bars,
Sister of mystical wings and of stars,
When twilight kindles a silver spark
I must go—vanishing into the dark.

[As she disappears, the Rose-sprite enters from the other side drooping, and passes, singing to the same air.

ROSE-SPRITE.

(No. 30.).

Soon I shall fail, I shall faint, I shall die,
As the color fades from the evening sky;
Life were too lovely ever to close
If never, if never, one lost the rose.

FAIRIES' CHORUS. [*Led by the Rose-sprite and the Night-moth, who reappear.*]

(No. 31.) Air: Same as No. 15.

Where the Will-o'-the-wisp takes flight,
And the Firefly skims with the Shooting-star,
Where the light of other days burns bright,
And the yesterdays and to-morrows are,



MARIGOLD.

Where the Elfin Knight rides, always young,
Over the fields where the wild oats grow,
To the tune of the songs that never were sung,



HONOR, THE MAID.

Into Fairyland we must go!
Into Fairyland we must go!
Into Fairyland, etc.

BEES'-WINGS. Buzz!

WHITE OWLET. Tu-whoo!

[Exit fairies.

HONOR. [*Running on, picking up Little Jo, speaks.*]
Oh, Master Jo, I am that quaking!
For when I found ye gone, me heart was breaking!
Sure it 's the lad's own luck that Honor found ye
Before the little fairy people bound ye!

LITTLE JO. [*Half looking up, as if talking in his sleep, speaks.*]

I thought I saw them, Honor, did n't you?

[Exit in Honor's arms.]

VOICE OF CHANTICLEER. [*In the distance.*]

Cock-a-doodle-do!



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